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Chronicle

The War.—During the week the Germans made a vigorous but ineffectual attack on the French at Lasigny, west of Noyon. In the Verdun district the

French gained an important victory. *Bulletin, Dec. 11, p.m.-Dec. 18, a.m.* Advancing on a front of six and a quarter miles, they succeeded in regaining fourteen square miles and in recapturing Vauclerville, Louvemont, Côte du Poivre, the Haudromont Farm, the Caurettes, the Chaffour and Haussoule Woods and the town of Bezonvaux. In Rumania the Central Powers have had uninterrupted success. Advancing from Ploesci they have captured Mizil and Buzeu, and crossed the Buzeu River east of Buzeu. Further south they have pressed on from Bucharest, crossed the Jalomitsa River, captured Urziceni, made their way across the Calmatuiul Lowland and reached the Buzeu River. At the same time the new army that recently crossed the Danube has moved north from the river and taken Fetesci, and crossed the Bucharest-Fetesci railroad. In Dobrudja the Rumanians and Russians have abandoned the Cogaleo-Hirsova line and are retiring.

On Tuesday, December 12, the German Imperial Government transmitted a note to the official representatives of Spain, Switzerland, and the United States, and asked that it be brought to the notice of the Governments that compose the Entente. The same step was taken by the other Central Powers, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. The Vatican was also communicated with on the same subject, and the other neutral Powers. The note, which was identical in all cases, was read by the Chancellor in the Reichstag and published throughout the world. Its purpose was to propose that the nations at war should enter on peace negotiations at once. After referring to the dire effects of the war, and declaring that the aim of the Central Powers is not "to shatter or annihilate their adversaries," the note makes the following definite proposition:

In spite of our consciousness of our military and economic strength and our readiness to continue the war, which has been forced upon us, until the bitter end, if necessary; at the same time prompted by the desire to avoid further bloodshed and make an end to the atrocities of war, the four allied Powers propose to enter forthwith into peace negotiations.

Then follows an expression of belief that the terms to be submitted for discussion, would afford "an appropriate basis for the establishment of a lasting peace." The original purpose of self-defense, it is asserted, has not changed, in spite of Teutonic victories. These latter, which are characterized as "gigantic advantages," the note continues, justify the Central Powers in being confident of still further successes. They are desirous however of averting the spiritual and temporal ruin that threatens Europe. The note closes with a disclaimer of responsibility for the further continuance of the war:

If in spite of this offer of peace and reconciliation the struggle should go on, the four allied Powers are resolved to continue to a victorious end, but they disclaim responsibility for this before humanity and history.

The neutral Powers that were asked to act as intermediaries, namely, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States, forwarded the note to the Governments concerned, but abstained from adding comment of any kind. In Germany, the Chancellor's proposal was received with enthusiasm; but elsewhere the note of the Central Powers has been given a cold and distrustful reception in the editorial comment of the press of the Entente and neutral nations. At first the papers were filled with strictures on Germany's methods and motives, but as the week wore on these were replaced by a more temperate attitude, especially in England, where calm suspension of judgment and even of discussion are advocated, until the terms Germany has to propose are disclosed.

Russia has made known her official attitude in unmistakable language. The Duma has unanimously passed a resolution which repudiates German efforts to shift responsibility for the war and declares that "a lasting peace will be possible only after a decisive victory over the enemy." Russia scorns the idea of peace negotiations:

The Duma, having heard the statement by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, unanimously favors a categorical refusal by the allied Governments to enter, under present conditions, into any peace negotiations whatever.

Baron Sonnino, the Italian Foreign Minister, after reading the note in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, made the following comment: "There it is; there is

nothing in it." Premier Briand attacked the note in the most bitter language and declared that France would abide by the Convention. At the same time the French Chamber of Deputies introduced a resolution which to all intents and purposes gives the new War Council power to pursue the war with renewed vigor. In England the illness of Lloyd George has delayed official statement, but the demand made by Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons on the day following the publication of the German notes, is taken as very significant. He asked the equipment of 1,000,000 more men, and a vote of credit for \$2,000,000,000 for carrying on the war until February. He also quoted with approval the ex-Premier's statement that England was determined to exact "adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future." A quasi-official interpretation of Mr. Bonar Law's statement was made by Mr. Arthur Henderson, his colleague in England's new War Council. Mr. Henderson said that guarantees for the future would "not be enough without reparation for all that Belgium, France, Serbia and Poland have suffered."

Austria.—The Austrian Cabinet has resigned and the formation of a new Ministry has been intrusted to Alexander Spitzmüller, a former minister of commerce and

Austrian Cabinet and Emperor later a director of the Kredit Anstalt. The retiring ministry had been in office little over a month. On October 27 Dr. von Körber had succeeded the assassinated Count Stürgkh, as Premier, and on November 1 it was announced that he had formed another Ministry. No allusion to any crisis has been made. The spirit of hopefulness which animates the new Emperor is evident from the following dispatch to his army and navy:

With God's gracious assistance and your loyal allies' endurance, we have created a situation in which our final victory is no longer doubtful. In an endeavor to give back to our peoples, who in serious times have held out heroically, the blessings of peace, I and my illustrious allies have attempted to bring about an honorable peace. I pray that the Almighty may bestow His blessings on this step, but I am convinced you will continue to fight with the same heroism until peace is concluded or the enemy is entirely beaten.

The great advantages, military and economic, which have accrued to Germany from the Rumanian victories have naturally reflected upon Austria-Hungary, giving the people new determination.

Belgium.—Cardinal Mercier's protest against the deportation of Belgians to Germany, has been recently received in this country in its entirety. So far brief ex-

Cardinal Mercier's Protest tracts only from the document had appeared in press. The protest is dated from Malines, November 7.

The Cardinal affirms that thousands of Belgians have been deported to Germany, there to perform forced labor, and that as early as October 19, he protested to the Governor-General but nothing was done; that at the

time of his protestation, the unemployed only were affected but that "today every able-bodied man is carried off." He then names the districts in which the deportations have taken place. He quotes the following specimen of the German announcement concerning the proceedings:

By order of the Kreischef every male person over seventeen years old shall present himself, Place Saint Paul, in Nivelles, on November 8, 1916, at 8 o'clock (Belgian time), 9 o'clock (Central time), bringing with him his identification card and eventually his card from the Meldeamt.

Only small hand baggage is permitted. Those not presenting themselves will be forcibly deported into Germany, and will besides be liable to a heavy fine and to long imprisonment.

Ecclesiastics, physicians, lawyers and teachers are exempt from this order. The mayors will be held responsible for the proper execution of this order, which must be brought immediately to the knowledge of the inhabitants.

After referring to three decrees culminating in the deportation of Belgians the prelate writes:

Now it is no longer a question of forcible working in Belgium, but in Germany, and for the benefit of the Germans. To give an appearance of plausibility to these violent measures, the occupying power insisted in the German press, both in Germany and Belgium, on these two pretexts: the unemployed constitute a danger to public order and a burden on official benevolence. To this we replied in a letter addressed to the Governor-General and to the head of the Political Department on October 16, as follows:

You are well aware that public order is in no wise threatened and that all influences, moral and civil, would support you spontaneously were it in danger. The unemployed are not a burden on official benevolence; it is not from your funds that they receive assistance.

To the Governor's objections that finances had to be protected and that prolonged unemployment would cause loss of technical skill, the Cardinal answers:

True, there were other ways in which our finances might have been protected. We might have been spared those war levies which have now reached the sum of 1,000,000,000 francs, and are still mounting up at the rate of forty millions a month; we might have been spared those requisitions in kind, which amount to several thousands of millions, and are exhausting us.

There are other ways of providing for the maintenance of professional skill among our workpeople, such as leaving to Belgian industry its machinery and accessories, its raw materials, and its manufactured goods, which have passed from Belgium into Germany. And it is neither to the quarries nor to the lime kilns to which the Germans themselves declare they will send our unemployed that our specialists will go to complete their professional education.

The naked truth is that every deported workman is another soldier for the German army. He will take the place of a German workman, who will be made into a soldier. Thus the situation which we denounce to the civilized world may be reduced to these terms: 400,000 workmen have been thrown out of work by no fault of their own, and largely on account of the régime of the occupation. Sons, husbands, and fathers of families, they bear their unhappy lot without murmuring, respectful of public order; national solidarity provides their most pressing wants; by dint of unselfish thrift and self-denial they escape extreme destitution, and they await with dignity and in a mutual affection which our national sorrows have intensified, the end of our common ordeal.

Groups of soldiers introduced themselves forcibly in the

homes of these people, tearing the young people out of the arms of their parents, the husband from his wife, the father from his children; at the point of the bayonet they block the entrances to the homes, preventing wives and mothers from rushing out to say a last farewell to them; they align the captives in groups of forty or fifty and push them forcibly into freight cars; the locomotive is under pressure, and as soon as a trainload is ready, an officer gives the signal and they depart. Thus another thousand Belgians reduced to slavery, without previous trial, condemned to the penalty which comes next in cruelty to the death penalty, deportation. They don't know how long their exile is going to last, neither do they know where they are going. All they know is that their work will benefit the enemy. Several of them have been brought to sign—by coercion or by threats—an engagement which they dare to call "voluntary." While they certainly take the unemployed, they also take a large number—in the proportion of one quarter for the Arrondissement of Mons—of men who were never out of work and belonging to diversified professions, butchers, bakers, tailors, brewery workers, electricians, farmers; they even take the youngest men, college and university students, or young men from other high schools.

The Cardinal complains also that men who have never been out of work, have been taken away and this in spite of the assurance to the contrary given by such high authorities of the German Empire as Baron von Huene, Military Governor of Antwerp, and Baron von der Golz, when Governor General at Brussels. Baron von Bissing, however, says the Archbishop, interpreted differently the guarantees given by his two predecessors, that "young men need have no fear of being carried off to Germany, either for enrolment in the army or for forcible employment," for the Baron maintained that the employment of the Belgian unemployed in Germany differs essentially from the captivity of men fit for military service.

Upon this interpretation, the Cardinal remarks:

As if the word of an honest man was terminable at the end of a year or two! As if the declaration confirmed in 1914 did not explicitly exclude both military operations and forced labor! As if, in fine, every Belgian workman who takes the place of a German workman did not enable the latter to fill a gap in the German army!

To this he adds the appeal:

We, the shepherds of these sheep who are torn from us by brutal force, full of anguish at the thought of the moral and religious isolation in which they are about to languish, impotent witnesses of the grief and terror in the numerous homes shattered or threatened, appeal to all souls, believers or unbelievers, in allied countries, in neutral countries, and even in enemy countries, who have a respect for human dignity. When Cardinal Lavigerie embarked on his anti-slavery campaign, Pope Leo XIII, as he blessed his mission, remarked: "Opinion is more than ever the queen of the world. It is on this you must work. You will only conquer by means of opinion."

May Divine Providence deign to inspire all who have any authority, all who are masters of speech and pen, to rally around our humble Belgian flag for the abolition of European slavery.

He concludes with the prayer that "human conscience may triumph over all sophisms and remain steadfastly faithful to the great motto of St. Ambrose: 'Honor above everything; Nihil praeferendum honestati!'".

France.—General Robert Georges Nivelle, commander of the French forces at Verdun, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the North and

New Cabinet and War Chief North-East. The new commander who succeeded General Petain as the defender of Verdun, is the son of a French father and an English mother. He was born in the Department of Corrèze at Tulle, and is sixty years old. At the outbreak of the war, he was still a colonel, and was about to be retired from the service. He distinguished himself at the battle of the Marne and soon was picked out by Joffre for his ability. He is said to be a strict disciplinarian but at the same time a magnetic leader.

On December 12, the day on which these changes were made, a new Cabinet was announced. It is as follows: Premier and Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand; Minister of Finance, Alexandre Ribot; Minister of War, General Hubert Lyautey; Minister of Marine, Rear Admiral Lacaze; Minister of National Manufactures, including munitions and transport, Albert Thomas. These five are the members of the War Council. The other members of the Cabinet are: Minister of Public Instruction, Paul Painlevé; Minister of the Interior, Louis J. Malvy; Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, Etienne Clementel; Minister of National Subsistence and Labor, M. Herriot; Minister for the Colonies, Gaston Doumergue; Minister of Justice and Public Works, René Viviani. Three Under-Secretaries will also be members of the Cabinet under M. Thomas, namely M. Loucheur, for Munitions; Albert Claveille, for Transportation, and Justin Godart, for Sanitary Service. General Lyautey, the new Minister of War, has been Governor of Morocco for the last five years.

At the very outset the new Cabinet had difficulties to face. There is in a certain section of the Deputies a desire "to condense" Parliament. Deputy Georges Bonnefous wants the creation of a Parliamentary Committee of National Defense, which is to last during the continuation of the war. It would be composed of thirty delegates selected by the Deputies and forty elected by the Senate. The committee would meet weekly to consider information relative to the military, diplomatic and economic conduct of the war as communicated by the Government. The Socialist leader, Renan, urges a joint session of the two Houses of Parliament.

On the evening, however, of December 13, the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 314 to 165, adopted a resolution of confidence in the new Government. At the session in which the resolution was passed, the Premier refused to answer questions put to the Government with regard to the lack of coordination by the Allies in Greece, giving as his reason that it was impossible to do so while negotiations were going on. On the same day, President Poincaré signed a decree naming "General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, technical counsel of the Government regarding the direc-

tion of the war." Another executive decree makes both General Nivelle and General Sarrail, the Commander of the Entente forces in Macedonia, directly responsible to the War Office and independent of the Commander-in-Chief. Premier Briand has certain policies which he is anxious to carry through with the aid of his still strong majority. These are the prohibition of the use of whiskies, brandies and liqueurs and the concentration of the control of France's war policy in the hands of a few.

Great Britain.—The new Cabinet was officially inducted on December 12. The War Cabinet is composed of the Premier, David Lloyd George; Earl Curzon, President of the Council; Arthur Hender-

*The New
Ministry* son and Lord Milner, Ministers without Portfolio, and Bonar Law, Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer. The other members of the Ministry are Sir Robert Finlay, Lord Chancellor; Sir George Cave, Home Secretary; Arthur Balfour, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Walter Long, Colonial Secretary of State; the Earl of Derby, War Secretary; Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India; Baron Rhondda, President of Local Government Board; Sir Albert Stanley, President of Board of Trade; John Hodge, Minister of Labor; Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty; Christopher Addison, Minister of Munitions; Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of Blockade; Baron Devonport, Food Controller; Sir Joseph Maclay, Shipping Controller; Baron Wimborne, Lord Lieutenant for Ireland; Sir Ignatius O'Brien, Lord Chancellor for Ireland; Henry E. Duke, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The new Ministry announces a vigorous policy. All available recruits will be enlisted, and the remainder of the civil population is to be mobilized for work connected with the war. A ban will be placed on luxuries, and it is possible that "meatless days" will be ordered.

Mexico.—Conditions in Mexico still remain extremely bad. Hunger and disease are playing havoc with the people, and the revolutions are as numerous as ever.

*Present
Problems* Villa's success in taking Chihuahua has made him a popular hero once again. As a consequence his army has increased in number, many Carranzistas having gone over to his side. The great bandit is cutting a wide swath through northern Mexico. General Pershing has not succeeded in taking him, "dead or alive." Meantime throngs of wretched peons, mostly women and children, continue to flock into the United States. So far, this year, 17,198 northern Mexicans have crossed the border: of these 8,466 were women and 5,459 were children under fourteen years of age. In four years over 50,000 homeless people have passed through El Paso and other border towns. The subjoined table gives the total number of these refugees for each of the past four years with the

number of women and children listed in separate columns.

Year.	Total.	Women.	Children.
1913	10,954	4,595	3,048
1914	13,089	6,505	4,409
1915	10,993	5,311	3,134
1916	17,198	8,466	5,459

The figures for 1916 are not complete: according to the present rate of immigration 22,500 shall have arrived by the end of the year.³ In 1916 only 559 Mexicans went home: of these 158 were women and 52 children: in 1915, 573 returned to Mexico: of these 127 were women and 41 were children. Some idea of the hardships suffered in Mexico may be had from this letter written in Mexico City on November 18, and received in New York on December 8:

The looting of the markets by the starving people has been going on since yesterday. As a matter of fact we are glad of it, because it gives us hope that once hunger is appeased, the fury of the rush will subside, and moreover we shall no longer, for a time at least, be haunted by pinched faces and wild-threatening eyes. Our problems are enough to drive us mad. Our days are spent searching for food which is most difficult to get, and only at inconceivable prices. Imagine fifty pesos for one egg! Servants are sent to the shops at two o'clock in the morning, one to the baker's, one to the dairymen's, another to the charcoal seller's. At ten or eleven o'clock the shops are opened, and just as things are beginning to go nicely "Senor General" arrives dressed in a Carranzista uniform and confiscates everything, to the indignation of prospective buyers.

To add to the misery, Carranza has antagonized a large number of the workmen. At first he showed them every favor, and made use of them in his work of destruction. This accomplished, he issued a decree from which the following article is taken:

The death penalty shall be applied not only only to disturbers of the peace mentioned in the law of January 25, 1862, but also to those who incite workmen to strike in factories and concerns devoted to public service, or who engage in propaganda to that end; to those who preside at meetings where such strikes are proposed, discussed or approved; to those who defend or uphold the same; to those who approve or subscribe thereto; to those who attend said meetings, or do not withdraw from the same as soon as they learn their purpose; and to those who strive to render the strike effective after it has been declared.

Quite naturally the workmen are clamoring against this death warrant. Meantime the "First Chief" has convened his henchmen at Queretaro, with a new constitution in view. These men represent nobody but themselves and nothing save animal passions which they will probably write into the constitution. As usual, an article was presented forbidding ministers of any sect to teach in any school. This precipitated a violent debate: the clergy were violently attacked by General Mujica, but Palavicini threw oil on the troubled waters, asserting amongst other things that Protestant ministers received pay from Mexico for teaching Mexican Catholics and also drew a wage from Protestant missionary societies, for the same work. In the end it was decided that no clergymen whatever may teach in the schools. It would be interesting to know whether, in the eyes of the bandits, seminaries for the training of priests are schools.

The Lesson of Bethlehem

JOHN WILTBYE

WHEN our Blessed Saviour appeared amongst the children of men, He came into a world that had been waiting and sighing for Him. Trial and tribulation had been the lot of His chosen people for centuries. They had known the fire and sword of merciless conquerors. They had seen the Holy City in the hands of a victorious enemy that adored not the true God. The yoke of foreigners had been laid upon their shoulders, and far from the hills of their native land, they had experienced the hard lot of the captive under an alien sky. But God had not left them without the solace of hope. Raising up saints and seers, He had placed them as watchmen on the walls and towers of Israel, to guard His people throughout the long night, until the rising of the true Day Star on high. Through the darkness of captivity, through the cloud and the mist of a present filled with sorrow, they were to look into a future, filled with cheer because of the promised Messias, the Saviour of His people.

Thus was their message the counsel of hopeful waiting for the Lord. "I will stand upon my watch," announced the prophet, "I will fix my feet upon the tower, and I will watch to see what will be said to me. For as yet the vision is afar off, and it shall appear at the end and will not lie; if it make any delay, wait for it, for it shall surely come, and it shall not be slack." And the message of the prophet went home, not only to the people of Israel, but, as history bears witness, to many of the peoples of the old era, who sat in the darkness and bitterness of sin's slavery. For as God, the Father of all, had left none made in His image, without some testimony of Himself, so too, it would seem, He allowed the hallowed words of the prophets to be borne to the outer nations, that they might not be crushed utterly under the burden of their misery. The natural course of human events gave outward sign of the deep pit of iniquity into which mankind, groping without God, had stumbled. Pestilence devastated whole communities, wars had laid waste the fairest and richest provinces, and once proud nations had fallen low. Slavery, which is, essentially, the refusal to acknowledge the equality of all as children of God, flourished in the world's most civilized centers. Woman had long since sunk to a degradation in which her most unwomanly traits were accounted her chiefest charm and value. With this degradation, home, even among the most refined communities, came to be little more than a name. The wisest men of the ancient pagan world realized, in some sense, that all flesh had worked iniquity, and in the realization that human means of cleansing were ineffective, dimly conceived, and hoped for, the coming of the needed help from on high. And so He came, the Ex-

pected of nations, in the fullness of time. Not what might have been counseled by human wisdom, were the circumstances of His entry. He who made His dwelling-place with men to save the world, did not invoke the pomp and pageant of majesty, but chose to be born in the least of cities, in a stable, among the poor, a little Child in subjection.

What the birth of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate God, has meant to the whole world, is written in the hearts of men, and made manifest by the re-creation of the world He came to save. He restored man to the sonship of God, making him an heir of Heaven. He preached a religion of the heart, of dependence upon Almighty God, in faith, in hope, and in charity. He taught us all without distinction, to call God our Father, thereby impressing the great lesson, that before God there is no distinction of Jew or Gentile, of pauper or prince, of rich or poor, but that all are brethren, since all are children of the one Father in Heaven. In these lessons, unknown to the practice of the wisest paganism, has the history of the world since His coming been written. Without Jesus Christ, that history is without meaning.

The Christian world kneels in adoration at the crib of the Infant Saviour. At the crib, as it seems to me, is found the lesson that has a special significance to us who are citizens of this great country. It is the lesson of subjection, not the subjection that weighed so heavily before His coming, but the subjection made sweet and noble by the example of Christ. Wrapped in the swaddling clothes that bind Omnipotence, the Child of Bethlehem teaches us subjection to all lawful authority. He teaches it by His whole life. He came among us a Child, with all the subjection implied in childhood. In subjection to the will of His Father, He took upon Himself the burden of our mortal frame. He went down to Nazareth, in subjection to Mary, His Immaculate Mother, and Joseph, His own creatures, yet placed over Him in a position of authority. He taught by word and example, in the course of His public life, subjection to all officials of the State, who had power given them from on high. To heal broken bodies, to win souls for God, He subjected Himself to toil and weariness as in His journeys, His blessed feet pressed the rough highways of Judea. His inspiring life brings before us in precept and in deed, the three-fold subjection of the Christian: first, subjection to God and His law; next, subjection to all who are our rightful temporal rulers, and finally, the loving subjection of ourselves to our brethren, in giving them the willing, Christlike service of charity.

By the providence of God, we are citizens of a republic,

dedicated to true liberty. By that same good providence, we have never doubted that liberty, in its most precious form, cannot long endure unless it is based on the three-fold subjection preached with divine eloquence from the Crib at Bethlehem. More blessed than other nations, we have learned that liberty is not license, but the freedom to do those things that are good. We know that rights connote duties, and that the most firm bond of so-

cietry is that charity which does not merely safeguard the rights of our neighbor, but induces us unselfishly to hold his interests as sacred as our own. May God, the loving Father of all, grant that this our knowledge and our persuasion, may never fall away in this land of liberty, where on Christmas Day millions of Americans fall down in adoration before their God and Saviour, a little Child in subjection, in the Crib at Bethlehem.

Feminism in the Anglican Church

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

WHEN early in the summer the Anglican bishops issued the program of a national "mission" to begin in the winter, the cooperation of all classes was invited, and incidentally it was stated that a special part in the work would be given to women. Then came the suggestion that under certain restrictions, women should be allowed to deliver addresses in churches. Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London, a very zealous man, but liable to act somewhat impulsively, welcomed the suggestion, and announced that women would be invited to speak in the churches during the mission, provided they did not speak from the pulpit or from the chancel. There were immediate protests from leading men amongst his clergy and laity. The suggestion obtained very little support, and the Bishop modified it into a new invitation to duly qualified women to address meetings of women and girls, not necessarily held in churches.

The idea of women preachers was however taken up energetically by a number of ladies, some of whom had been associated with the extreme suffragist movement before the war. Already, during the earlier agitation, some of the advanced advocates of votes for women had predicted that the time would come when women would be given the full share in the ministry of the Anglican Church. At various times women had been allowed to preach in Dissenting chapels; thus for instance, in the early years of the nineteenth century, there were still women preachers among the Wesleyans. Everyone will remember Dinah Morris of "Adam Bede," a character partly suggested by an aunt of the novelist, who was a Wesleyan evangelist, but as Dinah Morris explains in the novel, the practice of licensing women to preach was even then disappearing. In recent times the only Dissenting body that has made large use of women as preachers has been the Salvation Army, and some of the advocates of a like practice in the Church of England point to the services rendered by these Salvationists as an argument in favor of the new departure. It should be noted that there are two groups among these feminist advocates in the Anglican Church. The greater number wish only to see women licensed to preach, much in the same way as laymen are now licensed as preachers by the Anglican

bishops. Others go further and want to see women ordained to the ministry and recognized as qualified to perform all its duties.

This latter claim has been put forward very frankly and fully in two articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, which have given rise to a good deal of discussion. The writer of the articles, Miss Picton Turbervill, has drawn forth from clergymen and laymen, not only hostile replies, but also some fairly sympathetic commentaries. In her second article she quotes the letter of a clergyman, who after reading it wrote to her: "It is a revelation to me, indeed I consider it unanswerable." It is true that she dwells chiefly upon the office of the clergy as preachers, but she does not confine her claim to this. Her argument is that "the grace of God can work freely and fully through all men and women filled with the Spirit; in the teaching of Christ there is nothing contrary to the inclusion of women in the ministry, but His attitude to women shows that they, equally with men, can be His channels of grace." Again, quoting from Canon Streeter, who had given her theory some support in an article in a church periodical she says: "God is neither male nor female, and as long as preachers are chosen from one sex only, an incomplete apprehension of the Divine is likely to be brought home to the ordinary worshiper." She concludes that the time has come for the reconsideration of the whole question.

Both in Miss Turbervill's articles and in many of the criticisms they have called forth, there is a curious evidence of the complete lack of any idea of authoritative teaching in the Church. Miss Turbervill herself boldly cuts herself adrift from all tradition and seems to believe that a new discovery as to Christ's purpose and teaching can be made after nineteen hundred years, during which the whole drift of Christendom has been in the opposite direction. An eminent London clergyman, after noting that her theory is supposed to be based on the teaching of Christ, asks the question: "Who is to decide as to what is or is not the teaching of Christ? Miss Turbervill might think one thing to be the teaching of Christ, I might emphatically deny that it is so. Her opinion is as good as mine, my opinion is as good as hers. Who is to decide

between us?" The writer seems to have given up absolutely the idea of a teaching church. Probably he would deny this, but the question "Who is to decide?" is altogether unmeaning, if the Founder of the Church made no provision for the preservation of His teaching from age to age. But as a matter of fact, outside the Catholic Church, the idea of authoritative teaching is practically non-existent. As we see in this discussion, even the most fundamental questions can be reopened, and the attempt to settle them is made either by a personal interpretation of some text of Scripture, or sometimes by an appeal to the teaching of the Church in the first centuries, as if there had been some temporary provision for authoritative teaching, which lapsed long ago, despite the clear promise that Christ would be with His Church forever.

When one comes to the arguments that Miss Turbervill and her friends put forward, one is struck by their singular irrelevancy. She makes much of the argument that one cannot predicate sex of the Divinity, but seems to leave quite out of account the fact that God became man. She argues that because the priesthood was first conferred upon apostles who were men, it does not follow that it could not be extended to women, just as the fact that these first apostles were Jews did not prevent the priesthood later being given to Gentiles. And here she and her friends leave out of account the primary fact that first the Prophets and then the Messias himself declared that in the new kingdom there would be no difference between Jew and Gentile. But the radical weakness of the whole argument lies in the fact that it suggests a new interpretation of the teaching of Christ on a matter of primary importance and that it takes no account of the fact that for nineteen Christian centuries no such interpretation of that teaching has been known. Some of the supporters of this new claim show a remarkable ignorance of the history of the past, and even of the present practices of the Catholic Church. One Anglican clergyman indeed, put forward as an argument the strange statement that the Catholic Church already recognized the priestly office in women by allowing abbesses and superiors of convents to hear the confessions of their subjects and give them absolution. A very small acquaintance with Catholic history would have shown him that there never has been such a practice and the Holy See has on more than one occasion sternly suppressed the attempts of aspiring abbesses not indeed to discharge any priestly function, but to deliver public discourses which might be classed as sermons. Probably the reverend gentleman was misled by confounding with sacramental confession the public confession of faults against the rule made in the Chapter in religious houses, which has nothing whatever to do with either sacramental confession or the priestly office.

Happily this new delusion has not many supporters in the Anglican Church. It is entirely a movement of a few extremists inspired by the extreme suffragist idea that whatever men can do should also be done by women.

In the Catholic Church womanhood has its highest model in the blessed Mother of God, and from the first there has been a place for women who wish to devote themselves actively to the work of the Church. Since the days of the Oxford Movement the Catholic ideal has been accepted by many Anglicans with the result that more than one Anglican sisterhood has been founded, usually to carry on some charitable or educational work. But this quiet activity does not satisfy the extreme advocates of the suffragist cause. Hence the agitation of which Miss Turbervill has made herself the prophetess.

The Winter Stars

B. J. REILLY

IN the eighteenth Psalm, the Psalmist tells us: "The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." At no time is this more true than in the winter months, when so many big stars shine gloriously "in the infinite meadows of heaven."

Those of us who live in cities are apt to forget this. It is only when we get away from town that the stars with their wonderful brilliancy attract our attention. Then again in the cities there is so much light scattered about that the stars do not stand out so prominently as they do in the country.

The amateur astronomer has much to contend with in a metropolis. Tall mercantile buildings and huge apartment houses are apt to shut off from view a great part of the heavens. The city has, however, one advantage for a person who does not possess a good glass. For the small sum of ten cents he can view the heavens through a three-inch telescope at several of the plazas. He can see

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.

A splendid view of the rings of Saturn is also to be had, of the moons of Jupiter too, and of beautiful double stars with their glorious tints. Nor is the lecture from the custodian of the telescope to be despised. If it does not increase knowledge, it does at least afford amusement. And some one has said that there is so much gravity in astronomy that a little levity is not out of place.

But to return to our subject. These beautiful winter evenings, when the skies are wont to be so clear, the stars shine with a greater luster. Watch them as they mount the heavens! First we behold the Pleiades, those mysterious stars around which so many fanciful stories have been woven. There are seven of them, though most people with the naked eye can see only six. The dim one is called the "lost Pleiad." Next comes Aldebaran in the constellation Taurus. It forms the eye of the Bull, and is reddish in color, as becomes the eye of an angry bull that is about to charge on that valiant Nimrod, Orion, just coming up in the sky. The V-shaped cluster of

stars that accompanies Aldebaran you will recognize as the Hyades. When these are visible, somewhat to the north, the beautiful star Capella has flashed into view. Orion is the brightest constellation in the heavens and the glory of the winter skies. First comes the star Bellatrix, followed by Alpha Orionis or Betelgeuse, orange in color and shining in the topmost corner of the constellation. In the opposite corner is a beautiful blue star called Rigel. Both Betelgeuse and Rigel are stars of the first magnitude. The belt of the warrior is composed of three stars of the second magnitude. Next come Castor and Pollux, the twins—Pollux, the brighter of the two. In the constellation, Canis Minor, is seen Procyon, a star of the first magnitude and below it the constellation Canis Major with Sirius, the Dog-Star, which is the brightest of the fixed stars. Andromeda and the great Square of Pegasus are included in the Autumn stars, but, of course, are still visible. So is Algol in Perseus, that wonderful variable star, which the London *Punch* once called an astronomical reprobate and christened "Algo-hol."

How wonderful are the heavens these winter evenings! Great planets, constellations and nebula rushing through illimitable space that defies calculation by the small mind of man; suns, like Sirius and Canopus, that are immeas-

urably greater than the center of our own planetary system; stars that are so distant that their light, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, takes hundreds of years to reach our little earth! Well, may the psalmist exclaim: "The heavens show forth the glory of God." The stars bring to our mind the infinitude of God. If their size and their distances are so great that our minds cannot grasp them or realize them, how incomprehensible must be Almighty God, who sent all these wonderful objects on their limitless journey! As we view the heavens on these winter nights, how silly appears the attitude of atheists and agnostics! And what pleasant hours can be spent in watching the heavenly courses!

What joy to build the viewless stair,
That finds Arcturus or Altair,
To fling a far and filmy span
To Algol or Aldebaran!"

As we point the telescope to the heavens, a new planet may not swim into our ken, nor is it likely that we shall add to the world's knowledge of astronomy, but we shall certainly grow to love the stars, and as each season returns we shall look for them, as for "old familiar faces" which we have been expecting to see.

Christmas in Gaelic Lore

SHANE LESLIE

CHIRSTMAS is such a familiar word that we forget, and Irishmen most of all, that Ireland had her own name for the Feast of the Nativity, as indeed she had for almost every event in the "Holy Year." *Nodlaig* is the Irish for Christmas and *Nodlaig mait agat* is the Irish way of wishing a Merry Christmas. It is only of recent years that the Irish terms have crept onto the Christmas cards. Between *Nodlaig* and the French *Noël* there seems to be affinity, one of the numerous links between Celtic Ireland and Celtic France.

Brittany, by the way, though the only part of France which speaks a Celtic dialect, is not nearer Gaelic Ireland than many parts of Gallo-Roman France. Brittany was colonized by the British, not by the Gaelic Celts, fleeing from the Saxon. A great many modern French words, descended from French Celtic, have modern Irish parallels. For instance, the Irish word for Dublin means "the town of the ford of the hurdle" (*cliath*) which suggests the French word for hedge (*claié*). The French word *broder* recalls the Irish for a needle (*brot*) and *bile*, the Irish for old tree, is like the French *bille* (tree-trunk). But best of all we have the same word for Christmas. Would that the whole world had the same word and the same service for Christmas! Universal peace and understanding are far more likely to issue from a Roman Congregation of Rites than from a Hague Convention.

But these reflections form a digression quite unwarranted.

How is the modern Irish Christmas kept? What makes the Gaelic *Nodlaig*? Well, to tell the truth, Christmas is not the supreme *festa* of jollification among the Celts that it is with Teutonic peoples. To the Celts, as to the Latins, Easter and even the Assumption are more popular feasts. But the Teutonic peoples have concentrated their powers of religious revelry on Christmas. The English sacraments are three, the Bible, Sunday and Christmas. These follow the Flag. Anglo-Saxons without the vaguest idea of the meaning of Communion regard the eating of plum-pudding as a sacred duty. Teutonic peoples have preserved more of the old pagan customs than of the Christian interpretation. The red holly is the bush of Thor and the mistletoe is the sacred symbol of the Druids.

The Irish Christmas is not the English Christmas, except so far as the country has been Anglicized. I have always thought it typical that the Saxon child hangs up a stocking with the expectation of some material present arriving in the night, while the Gaelic child lights a candle which is left burning all night in the window for any travel-worn mother and child that may be out on the roads; for the Holy Mother herself may be passing through the country. At one time the door of each Irish house was always left open a little, on the eve of Christ-

mas, for the same reason. But these customs are passing away or are being forgotten in the rather vulgar joviality popularized by the press. Another custom was that all fish caught on Christmas day was reserved for the widows and orphans of the parish under the name of "Peter's alms." The Feast of Stephen following Christmas, known as "Boxing Day" in England, used to be celebrated in Ireland by the "wren-boys" who hunted the unhappy wren from morn to night on the supposition that it was the bird of the Druids.

Christmas was not the season for the Gaelic peasants to decorate their cottages. The eve of St. Brigid's day is still a universal time for twisting and putting up the curious triangular crosses, called "St. Brigid's crosses," of straw or rushes, over the beds, windows and doors of houses. As is well known, St. Brigid and Our Lady are often confused in Gaelic legend. That Christ was born in the Aran Isles and that Brigid was His foster-mother was a rumor in the medieval age. Even in late medieval times we find a delightful story of an Irish monk in Germany, who insisted that St. Brendan was Christ's brother, and that Brigid was His mother. He was rather summarily treated for his naïveté. But most Irish children will tell you today that St. Brigid was beside the Crib at Bethlehem and that "Brigid of the Candles" carried the light before the Virgin going to her Purification. Is not St. Brigid's feast the day before the Purification in the Calendar today?

There is no doubt Brigid was the name of an old Irish goddess who presided over youth and poetic wisdom, and many of her attributes passed naturally enough to the Saint. Pagan terms passed into the charmed circle of Christianity. For instance, the hazel-tree, and not the apple, was the Celtic tree of knowledge, and the Gaelic litany took up the allusion in calling the Blessed Virgin "Jesse's Tree of Knowledge in the beauteous hazel-wood."

Likewise the salmon was regarded by the old Irish as the symbol of fairy or supernatural wisdom. So not meaningless in the ears of the Gael was a fifteenth century allusion to the Blessed Virgin as "the Salmon of Knowledge." Our Lady and St. Brigid coincided, until, in the famous phrase, St. Brigid is described as "the Virgin Mary of the Gael." At any rate this accounts for the presence of Brigid at the Crib in all Gaelic thought.

Indeed there is evidence to show that, in legend, she was with Our Lord from the Crib to the Cross. The dandelion was said to be one of the healing herbs laid on the Body of Our Lord by His Mother and in Gaelic the dandelion is "Brigid's flower." It begins to bloom on her feast just as her bird, the linnet, begins to sing. In Ireland, as the story goes, all the birds begin to nest on St. Brigid's day.

It was this instinctive feeling of Brigid's relation to birth and youth that led Gaelic tradition to place her beside the holiest nest of straw and leaves, that was

ever gathered together, the Manger of Bethlehem. The Irish Christmas is not Christmas without Brigid.

"Bestiae et Universa Pecora"

H. C. WATTS

SANTA CLAUS had gone out to lunch. It was rather late in the afternoon, and this may not be an exactly accurate statement, because he may quite possibly have gone out to consult his card-index file of good and bad children. But that doesn't matter much: what does matter is that Santa Claus had gone out.

The red-carpeted dais was empty, the crimson rails that kept the crowd in order were deserted, and the little Christmas tree with its bright ornaments, and shiny, magically uneatable fruit, stood unadmired and forlorn. At the further end of the dais the canopied throne, all decked out with gold and silver, stood empty under the brilliant electric light, and not even a crease appeared on the scarlet cushions where this august old gentleman is accustomed to sit and tell uncommunicable secrets. Santa Claus had gone out—to lunch, or to look up the records of good children and bad.

But his housekeeper had not been idle. She is a native New Yorker, her name is Wanagimsterma, and she may be found anywhere between the Battery and the Bronx Zoo. And the housekeeper with the mixed-up name had provided entertainment for Santa Claus's guests.

She had provided, among her other attendants, a great company of gnomes. Now by some process of the eugenics of fairyland these gnomes had all gone to face, and nothing else. So there they were like great illuminated cheeses, or so many Men in the Moon; with no body, arms, or legs; only a great expanse of face, a face that wobbled clock-wise, first to the right and then to the left; and at every turn each closed one gigantic eye and winked prodigiously, as if to warn: "Don't you believe everything these grown-ups tell you!"

That wink and that warning were necessary in a way, because many pet theories of the grown-ups were to receive a shock before the day was out. How could they, for instance, look wise and whisper to each other "Oh, just fairy tales, my dear!" when in full sight of everybody there were all the old nursery friends passing and repassing before their very eyes. Mother Goose grinned from ear to ear, and managed to keep her balance very nicely at the same time on the back of an enormous goose; Jack was gazing with all his eyes at the Giant's castle that was perched on the top of a hill. As for the Old Woman, she defied eugenics and hygiene, and proudly housed her large family in a large shoe, and Humpty Dumpty, elegantly attired in yellow breeches, dangled his legs over a blue wall and looked a trifle scornfully at Hey Diddle-diddle and all that crowd. And Peter the Pumpkin Eater felt free to make jokes at the Three Men in a Tub, who were behaving quite respectably because the Enchanted Princess was riding immediately behind them in a glass coach.

But just then there came a sound like the wind blowing over a field of ripe wheat at harvest, or like the noise made by the branches of trees when they whisper together and nod their heads, and little feet began to patter like the hailstones on the roof, and little voices cried out shrilly "Oh, mamma, here he comes!" And so Santa Claus came back.

His little friends pressed all around him, and the grown-ups could see only a bright scarlet coat of very ample proportions, and above that a red cap with a white tassel. And between the ample coat and the bright red cap was a red cheery face, crowned with long white hair, and ornamented with beautiful white whiskers that grew where the Lord meant them to grow and never came out of a property box.

So Santa Claus went up to his throne, and all his little friends went after him. A lean and frigid virgin, with the skin of an unhappy dead fox around her neck, who happened to be in the crowd, tried to spoil the treat by whispering in a boarding-house voice to a friend: "Oh, that's the old man from Third Avenue; he gets two dollars a day for doing that. So silly, don't you think so?" But the friends of Santa Claus didn't hear her, or if they did, they didn't believe her. They crowded up to the dais, smilingly and reverently; and Santa Claus smiled back, and took each little hand in his, said a few words of welcome or admonition, and then handed out some small gift. By which token no one will dare disbelieve in Santa Claus.

It is too early for the famous reindeer to have put in an appearance; but there is every suggestion that Santa Claus has turned upside down all our accepted theories about the animals. It looks very much as though he had formulated his plans on the idea that the lion shall lie down with the lamb. For the Christmas lions are so very small and so very timid looking, and the lambs are so large and all swelled up with pride and abundance of wool. There is, somewhere in New York, a great and impressive-looking toy polar bear, that rolls its head ferociously and emits wicked roars. But it is easy to see that this bear is a fraud; it looks around fiercely and growls enough to frighten you out of your skin only when the man pulls a cord. And when the man stops pulling the cord the bear just looks foolish and shuts up, and nobody is afraid of him any more.

It is just the same with all the lions and tigers, with the crocodiles and the snakes, and the other wild beasts. Christmas seems to make them very insignificant and they lose all their fierceness: the lions look cross-eyed and very mild, while the tigers are for the most part bow-legged, and seem only too anxious to get into any sort of home. Even the camels and elephants become all shades of blue and pink so that they cannot be taken seriously.

But consider how different is the case with all those domestic animals that we are wont to think about in connection with the shepherds of Bethlehem. How round and curly and silky are the sheep; how dignified and noble are the dogs, the white dogs with black eyes and the black dogs with white eyes, even the bull-dogs and dachshunds, and how well they compare with the cages full of teddy bears and monkeys that look up appealingly to be bought—and the goats! They swell with pride as they look contemptuously down on the diminutive lions. There is one lordly goat on Fifth Avenue that sniffs defiance all day at the traffic policemen and at every passing automobile. And the ox and the ass are tied up with pink ribbons at Christmas-time because of the great honor and dignity that fell to them long ago beside the Crib. This is the way Santa Claus deals with the beasts and cattle, just as if he knew in exactly what degree he should put down the mighty from their seat, and lift up those of low degree.

Yet Santa Claus, for all his solicitude on behalf of the beasts and cattle, is no pacifist. It cannot be noted anywhere that he has laid in a smaller stock of shining drums than usual. And in the matter of leaden soldiers he is really prodigal. At one place he has a complete United States army camp, with forts and earthworks, with soldiers standing up keeping guard, and soldiers lying down firing at the enemy, and in the background the Red Cross wagon. Or he has machine guns surmounted with the United States flag and machine guns with the British flag, and probably other flags, with whole regiments of cavalry and infantry and brigades of artillery; cuirasses and German uniforms in abundance, for Santa Claus has no preference.

If the grown-ups should object to war as destructive, there is plenty in the way of constructive forms of amusement. One of the most effective and enjoyable of Santa Claus's gifts this year is a toy railway, run by electricity that is picked up from

the third rail. In and out of tunnels, over bridges and past signals, the tiny engine with its carriages goes, never stopping so long as the current is turned on. A small motor in the engine works the train, and a little electric bulb glows on the front for headlight. Then there are wonderful and airy structures of building blocks, of Meccano steel, or of wood; mechanical contrivances that lift weights, working models of engines, and last, but not least, the wireless pup, that leaps from his kennel at the sound of a whistle.

It would have been a kindly attention to say a word about the dolls! But who shall be so unchivalrous as to number these gentle creatures with *bestiae et universa pecora, volucres coeli et pisces maris*, or even with the worms and feathered fowls? Let them remain cloistered and secluded, wonderful and mysterious, as in those great dolls' houses into which little girls peeped with awe and then called softly and reverently "Oh, mamma!" The Christmas toyland is, after all, but a microcosm of life; but, alas, too many of us fail to see the romance and beauty of Santa Claus, or whoever else the beneficent being may be. All we see is the old man of Third Avenue, and all we hear is the voice of that lean and unlovely virgin, whose name is Envy, Hatred and Malice and All Uncharitableness, telling us that he does it only for what he can get out of it. But all the time the little people crowd up, and they, looking into the eyes of Santa Claus, know the truth.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

To Unknown Benefactors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A thousand thanks for publishing my letter in your paper. My appeal has been answered beyond all hopes. To all those whose name and address I have been able to decipher I have written a personal letter of thanks. But I am distressed because a number of the packages arrived in more or less bad condition, and I have not been able to make out either the name or address. Will you permit me to make use of AMERICA to thank my unknown benefactors, and to assure them of my prayers.

Bangar, La Union.

M. VANOVERBERGH.

The Editor of the "Dublin Review"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA Mr. Shane Leslie pleasantly controverted the rumor that he was to be the new editor of the *Dublin Review*. The latest issue of that quarterly (October, 1916) has a review of Mr. Leslie's book, "The End of a Chapter," by a contributor who signs an omega to his opinion, and ends it in the following fashion:

It has been a nervous business thus to review one's destined Editor. Still, this was the last time we could say what we liked about him; and in our sheer enjoyment of this book, we never forgot to congratulate the *Dublin* on a future chief who is in such vital contact with his world at so many points.

Is this an official intimation that Mr. Leslie's modest estimate of his own abilities does not coincide with that entertained by the proprietors of the *Dublin Review*?

New York.

T. F. M.

Another Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Upon my life is a blight, on my young soul a dark stain, in my heart a secret too heavy to carry alone! I can keep silent no longer, all ashamed I come with my awful confession: I too, am a Julianne. Like your Julianne of last week, and her companion,

I have followed closely my namesake. Unlike your Julianne I neither cried nor stormed I—pardon the audacity, I laughed! I laughed until Daddy and the boys came rushing to the scene startled and curious that AMERICA could really wax humorous.

This is neither an apology nor an excuse for being. I am what I am, and I like it. One thing only I want to ask, and in all humility I put my question: Why pick on Julianne when her brother Percy is about? After all Julianne is safe in the hands of her teachers, and her confessor. They know how false is the outside appearance, how weary, at times how frightened, is the inner Julianne of her world and its demands, her dressmaker who rules supreme, and her mother and her ceaseless search for a husband. But I am frightened about Percy! Julianne can go to parties and dance six nights a week, and still go to Communion six mornings; she does it. Percy can't, or won't. Moreover he drinks the punch bowl dry. I admit Julianne can not go one step without her small powder box and, say it gently, her rouge. What of that? An awkward Julianne was Dr. Coakley's small friend. I wish her proficiency in her art and good taste. May she not go too far, that is all. Men demand that women sing and be glad at all times, in all humors, sick or well; and we play our part. But being Julianne I love the bright nights and the glorious lights and the young men. Also I love everything wearable, even Paris finery! I am "rushing," father and mother are "pushing;" it is quite understood betwixt us that I am a good investment; get married I must. But may I be saved from Percy!

Percy graduated from a Catholic college. He is in business now with his "governor," who supplies him well with coin and a couple of cars. The governor however fails to govern, and son Percy can be seen most any day at any time on Chestnut street holding up Wanamaker's jewelry counter or posing outside Huyler's. Percy's days are all the same. He rises far later than Julianne. He affects a foreign air that goes well enough with his pretty first name but fails to blend with the "Mc" that follows after. "Some little dresser" is Percy with his pink-edged handkerchiefs, scented soap, china-silk socks, monogrammed cigarettes, and spindle cane. Dancing along he comes perfumed, and manicured and shampooed.

I shall end with an incident true in every word. Last winter a Catholic affair was given at one of the large hotels and we Juliannes were well represented. Stooping to pick up her kerchief one Julianne, a frivolous, silly, powdered Julianne, dropped from the bosom of her dress an ugly brass crucifix. She was confused almost to tears. At the close of the evening in the secrecy of the cloak room in an effort to ease her humiliation, six Juliannes drew out and bravely exhibited six such ugly worn crucifixes that they too cherished and carried about them. Going home that night one of those same Juliannes called her own car and went off alone, and one other entrusted herself to a kind friend and escort, because two young men were not fit to go home with anyone. Oh! Julianne is wicked, she is, but how about Percy?

Philadelphia.

JULIANNE LE BLUFF.

The Romeward Movement in Holland

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is in Holland at present a movement towards Catholicism among the Protestants, which owes its origin principally to the intelligent activity of the Canisius Society, an organization similar to the Catholic Truth Society in English-speaking countries. The Canisius Society is composed of eminent Catholic priests and laymen, and enjoys the special patronage of the Dutch Episcopate and of his Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum. It has honorary members, who support it financially, and active members. The latter write pamphlets that are distributed among Catholics and Protestants, publish apologetical articles in Catholic dailies and weeklies, refute erroneous statements

in Protestant and secular papers and periodicals, conduct courses in apologetics in somewhat the same manner as the inquiry classes and missions to non-Catholics in the United States. A general information bureau has been established in connection with this Society, and advertisements are placed in non-Catholic papers, inviting readers to ask information from the secretary of the Canisius Society concerning the teaching of the Church on matters of dogma, morals, history, sociology, and the like.

Many erroneous ideas about the Church have been dissipated, and a considerable number of converts has been made by the uninterrupted activity of this splendid organization. A well-known author, Ida Dorper, who has given us an interesting account of her conversion in a little brochure entitled "Katholiek of Protestant," writes that the pamphlets sent to her upon request by the Canisius Society were the human factor leading her from the Babylon of Confusion to the Holy City of Peace.

The articles and publications of the Dutch Truth Society have given to many outsiders a better knowledge and a higher appreciation of Catholicism. They have also made many Protestants more tolerant towards the Church, as was clearly manifested recently on the occasion of the conversion from Calvinism to Catholicism of the Rev. Mr. Vethake, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Koedijk. When this minister declared to his congregation that serious and conscientious study had led him to abandon Protestantism and embrace Catholicism, and that consequently he wished to tender his resignation as their minister, the elders of the parish permitted him to give a lecture in the church explaining to them the reasons which moved him to take this important step.

The profound appreciation of Catholic doctrine which has repeatedly followed from a better knowledge of the Church has shown itself of late in the utterances of several Protestant preachers. Many of these men are advocating the reintroduction of Catholic dogmas into Protestant theology. Some of the most remarkable statements of certain ministers of the "Reformed Religion" were quoted by the Rev. Mr. A. R. Rutgers in an extremely interesting article written for the Protestant monthly *Omhoog*.

The Rev. J. L. Snethlage, for instance, feels sorry that "Protestantism does not possess an equivalent of the Roman doctrine of purgatory," and adds that "the Catholic teaching on purification after death, spiritually conceived, is psychologically infinitely more reasonable than the absurd and ridiculous representations of the hereafter current among Protestants." The writer of that article further quotes from a sermon of the Rev. B. de Ligt, in which the veneration of the Saints is strongly defended and recommended. Another minister, the Rev. G. H. Van Senden, well known in Protestant circles for his Catholic tendencies, apparently considers it his life task to spread among his fellow-Protestants a better knowledge of Catholic Christianity. He is especially zealous in promoting the principles of Christian asceticism and the retreat movement among the Dutch Calvinists. So, too, on Low Sunday, 1916, the Rev. Mr. Gerritsen preached a sermon on the doctrine of sacramental absolution, which Protestants, he said, have wrongly rejected. Another minister defended the hierarchical authority of Catholicism as forming a necessary link between Christ and the world.

The author of the article in *Omhoog* states that the question is not so much one of church membership as of a more profoundly religious and spiritual life. The great fundamentals of religion, he says, such as mysticism, consciousness of sin, detachment from earthly things, true catholicity, authority in matters of faith, are all found in the Roman Church. He also shares the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Van Senden that only "Protestant narrow-mindedness can fail to see that Roman Catholicism satisfies the deepest desires and strongest religious needs

AMERICA

of the human soul." He concludes with the words of the Rev. H. W. Ph. E. Van den Berg Van Eysinga that "a spiritual and religious revival among the people will necessarily result in more conversions to Rome."

West Depere, Wis.

G. RYBROOK, *Ord. Praem.*

Curing Leprosy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I do not know what the secular press has said about the cure for leprosy discovered by an humble citizen of Havana; but I thought some little notice of it might properly find space in the columns of AMERICA.

Angel García Abrantes, a native of the Canary Islands, now a Cuban citizen, entered voluntarily, as a patient, the leper hospital at Havana, August 24, 1904; and the hospital physician declared his disease was leprosy. Angel knew he had the dread disease and was certain that he was curing himself. He entered the hospital only to avail himself of the greater facilities offered there. Soon finding these lacking, he applied to the Director of Health on September 26, 1904, for permission to leave the hospital, giving sufficient guaranty that he would remain in isolation. Permission was granted.

Today, Angel García Abrantes is free from leprosy, so declared by competent, and not too partial, physicians. More, he is quartered in the leper hospital where he has some forty or fifty patients under his care, all of whom show daily signs of improvement. I visited the hospital myself a few days ago, and can vouch for the healthful appearance of scarred men and women and children, whose gnarled hands and almost effaced noses show how near they had been to the grave, but whose unaffected cheerfulness revealed a hope that had solid foundations.

May the lepers of far away Culion and Molokai soon share the good fortune of their fellow sufferers of Havana. Perhaps as a matter of professional prudence, the doctors, some, at least, appear to give scant credit to Abrantes. So far, however, nature seems more generous. Angel G. Abrantes is a layman, ignorant, and a practical Catholic.

Havana, Cuba.

M. O. S.

Can Catholics be Single Taxers?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the Note and Comment Department of AMERICA for November 4, somebody essays to answer the question, "Can Catholics be Single Taxers?" and assumes to excommunicate those of us that favor this plan of raising public revenue. I refuse to be excommunicated.

The theory of Henry George is not that private property in used land is an enormous wrong. On the contrary it would make such land tenure more secure. At the present time nobody can own absolutely a single square foot of land. It is now subject to tax, to the law of eminent domain, to regulations against nuisances and to numberless other restrictions on ownership. The Henry George theory is not, as the writer in AMERICA assumes, that only the civil authority may really be the lawful possessor of the soil. To guard against such danger Henry George proposed "leaving to landowners a percentage of rent, which would probably be much less than the cost and loss involved in attempting to rent lands through State agency." Your writer confounds single tax with land nationalization—two distinct things. Henry George not only conceded a margin of rent to the landlord, but as a matter of fact, as stated by Thomas G. Shearman, also prominent as an advocate of the site tax, "not all the power of all governments could collect in taxation all of ground rent."

Nor is the single-tax theory in opposition to the teachings of Pope Leo's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, wherein he states: "If a man exerts both his mental faculties and his physical

strength in procuring the fruits of nature, by so doing he makes his own *that portion of the earth which he cultivates* and on which he leaves as it were, the impress of his personality." Pope Leo XIII does not defend the monopolization of land nor does he maintain the doctrine that we should encourage men to make poor use of land. No man can use land without employing labor, causing a demand for the products of other labor, and benefiting the community. Land monopoly can be destroyed without abolishing the private ownership of land, by placing as high a tax on the site value of unimproved land as we now impose on improved or partly improved land equally well situated. Such a plan would prevent the unjust discrimination that now exists against all landowners who use land. A man can own rent-bearing land without using it, but his right of ownership is not superior to that of the landowner that uses land. Consequently the owner of vacant land or the man who only half uses it, should not be favored at the expense of his more industrious neighbor. The landowner who does not make use of his opportunities should not have his right of ownership safeguarded by the State, while the landowner who uses land is compelled to surrender a greater part of his property to the State. Both landowners should share equally the burdens of taxation. There is nothing in this principle that interferes with the private ownership of land, as that term is generally understood. Nor would the appropriation of rent by means of taxation interfere, as present tax methods do, with the private ownership of clothing, food, merchandise, personal property, houses, wealth and the other products of labor that are communalized under the present Federal, State and municipal tax laws.

In his book, "Our Land and Land Policy," Henry George affirms that private property in land is a condition of civilization and that it is necessary to the proper use of land. His paragraphs attacking private property in land do not employ the term as it is ordinarily understood. It is not what he said about private property in land, but what he meant by the term "private property in land" that we have now to consider. We are concerned with Mr. George's practical proposal and not with his rhetoric. In his "Progress and Poverty" he tells how land speculation may be wiped out, and at the same time how land nationalization may be avoided.

Denver.

JOHN B. McGAURAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. McGauran's communication reminds me of the beginning of a debate on the question of single tax carried on in the *Catholic Bulletin*. The first letters of the single taxers were fiery, full of conviction, replete with broad denials and sweeping assertions. Nearly every communication was a medley of the most various subjects which the writers believed had some bearing on single tax. The more the correspondence progressed, the more wary and cautious grew the writers. But towards the end new fighters appeared, who had not followed the progress of the debate. Their letters again expressed the same confusion, indignation and indiscriminate ardor as the very first that had appeared. Mr. McGauran's letter belongs to this class. It is impossible to answer all his statements in the present communication. He will find all of them mentioned, in some form, in the pamphlet "Single Tax and its Cleveland Champions" which he can procure from John Wey & Son, 5500 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. For the benefit of the readers of AMERICA, however, I shall take up some of his errors.

It would seem that he has never heard of the Open Letter which Henry George wrote, in 1891, as an answer to Pope Leo's Encyclical on the condition of the working classes, *Rerum Novarum*. After stating in the introduction that he had read the Pope's Encyclical, he continues: "Since its most strikingly pronounced condemnations are directed against a theory, that we, who hold it, know to be deserving of your support, I ask

permission to lay before your Holiness the grounds of our belief, and to set forth some considerations that you have unfortunately overlooked." How can anyone, after reading these words, maintain that the theory of Henry George is not in opposition to the teachings of Pope Leo's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*?

It is a fallacy to state, as Mr. McGauran does, that "the theory of Henry George is not that private property in used land is an enormous wrong." Henry George merely maintains that there is nothing in his system which would force a man out of the actual holding of land so long as he is deriving so much positive profit out of its use that he can pay the single tax. But he is never the owner in the same sense in which he may be the owner of a gun or an auto or a railroad car or the twenty dollars he has just received in his pay envelop. The land, says Henry George, is created by God and "the right of private possession in things created by God is very different from the right of private ownership in things produced by labor." (Open Letter.) According to him there is no *private ownership* in land. By the term "private property in land," Mr. McGauran can mean only the actual holding of land, which of course Henry George cannot prohibit, because without it the land could not be used at all. This is just the bone of contention between Henry George and his opponents. According to the latter, private property in land is exactly of the same kind as private ownership in things produced by labor. "If he [the workingman] lives sparingly, saves money, and for greater security, invests his savings in land, the land, in such case, is only his wages under another form; and consequently a workingman's little estate thus purchased should be as completely at his full disposal as are the wages he receives for his labor." (Leo XIII in the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.)

The fallacy is hidden by stating that Henry George is not opposed to private property in *used* land. Pope Leo XIII, contends, and we with him, that man may have a full right of property in *unused* land. The lot bought by the workingman with his savings is his, just as much as his money was his; and this, not only after he has built a house on it, but as soon as the purchase has been made, though it may remain unused for years. A careful study of Henry George's book, "Our Land and Land Policy," will convince Mr. McGauran that by property in land his master understands nothing except the actual holding of it while in use; but this is not true property as understood by Holy Scripture and the doctrine of Christianity and the Catholic Church.

Mr. McGauran thinks that "a landowner who does not make use of his opportunities should not have his right of ownership safeguarded by the State." What does he say to the following: A millionaire who does not make use of his millions should not have his right of ownership safeguarded by the State? Money, according to Henry George, can be truly owned, whether it is used for industrial enterprises or not. Why not the land? If one kind of property has a claim to State protection, why not the other? What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Clothes, houses, food, merchandise etc., it is implied in the letter, are "communalized" because we now pay, directly or indirectly, Federal, State and municipal taxes on them. He thereby unwittingly grants that there is the same kind of ownership in things made by labor as in things created by God. Although we pay taxes on products of labor, the latter remain our own, and it makes no difference whether we actually use them or not. In the same way land, whether used or not, is property in the proper sense of the word; and by those who have rightfully acquired it, is held by the same kind of ownership as clothes and money. Concerning the master-argument of the single taxers, the evils of land speculation, let him read the above mentioned pamphlet. The index will direct him to the respective passages.

Cleveland.

FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S.J.

A Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It may be interesting to your readers to read the protest that I have just sent to the writer of a story in the Christmas number of the *Metropolitan*:

DECEMBER 5, 1916.

MR. A. E. W. MASON,

The *Metropolitan Magazine*.

DEAR SIR:

In your story, "The Silver Ship," published in the current issue of the *Metropolitan*, you speak most strangely about the Catholic Church. If you have an aversion for that venerable institution one would think that you could hold it in abeyance when writing a bit of fiction. You write that "Joan . . . had turned . . . toward the enemy, because the enemy meant a religion of color and incense and security and deep emotional appeal."

It seems to me, Mr. Mason, that your depreciation of the Catholic religion in this story is wholly irrelevant and impudent. If ever you become a Catholic, you will discover that you have adopted a religion which, while it makes provision for the sensible nature of man, has for its basic essentials, right reason and good living, a submission to the Creator's teachings and commands and prohibitions, and an unhampered freedom from everything else. I hope your strictures on the Church are due to inattention and not of malignant intent.

Troy, N. Y.

VINCENT G. O'BRIEN.

We Catholics should smite, and smite hard, the irresponsible writers who are forever, without rhyme or reason, taking their fling at the Church. If the writers themselves are incorrigible, the editors of the magazines may be induced to use their blue pencil freely and strike out passages that have no purpose or use except to insult a portion of their readers.

Troy, N. Y.

VINCENT G. O'BRIEN.

Christian Christmas Cards

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I suggest that you urge your multitude of readers to demand of their stationers, of department stores and other dealers, this Christmastide, Christmas cards which picture or otherwise specifically advance the "Message of Bethlehem"? This will have the dual effect of securing for loyal Catholics the limited supply of such cards that may be available and of convincing the dealers, and through the dealers, the publishers, of the fact that in eliminating the idea of Christ in the publication of Christmas cards, they have disregarded the tastes and wishes of a potential element among retail purchasers of such literature. Demonstrations of this character often are far-reaching in their effect.

St. Louis.

LOUIS H. C. PLUMMER.

The Holes in Our Melting Pot

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an article, "The Holes in Our Melting Pot," in AMERICA for December 9, I said I had no statistics on the religion of our German immigrants. We have had, since 1820, 5,489,306 German immigrants, and Mr. F. P. Kenkel of St. Louis, the Director of the Central Bureau of the German Roman Catholic Central-Verein, informs me, "We here at the Bureau figure that there are 3,000,000 German Catholics in this country in round numbers." I wish we had twice as many German Catholics. There are no better people in the world. If we take the estimates of the careful writers in the "Catholic Encyclopedia," and give a little common sense study to the statistics we are certain of, we shall find that there are over 21,000,000 Catholics in the United States; there would be many more, if large numbers had not, unfortunately, leaked out of the "Melting Pot" into the fire.

Philadelphia.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1916

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Christmas Day

IN the year from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand, five hundred and ten; from the anointing of King David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two, from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was at peace, in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary. The Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the flesh.

Thus, in solemn chant rising with each note to a plane of higher joyousness, is the Church announcing to the world the consummation of the hopes of the Old Testament. Thus does she enshrine in language of unparalleled simplicity the fears of our first parents, the protection of the chosen people, the founding of the Royal Line, the sighs of the Prophets, the unspoken and unhoped for destinies of Greece and Rome, the mysterious hypostatic union of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity with the human nature that He deigned to take from the fairest of the daughters of God, the virgin birth of God made man, Jesus Christ, the Ancient of days, the first-born of all creation, the Image of the invisible God, the Brillancy

of the Eternal Light, the unspotted Mirror of God's majesty, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, the Head of all principality and power, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of the kings of the earth, God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father by whom all things are made, God, alone, unapproachable, incomprehensible, unsearchable, Jesus Christ, the sum and total of Christmas Day.

A Christmas Message

CHIRSTMAS is preeminently the feast of children, of the Christ Child first of all, and of all God's children, young and old. In Germany the whole spirit of the season is bound up with thoughts of the *Christ-Kindlein*. In England the yuletide ceremonies open with an invitation issued to children and sung by children, to come to the children's King, and when the veil is removed from the manger it is to children that the Infant Saviour is first disclosed. In Rome, the heart of Catholicism, the keynote of the Christmas celebration is struck on the Capitoline Hill in the shrine of Our Lady in *Ara Coeli*, when, after the *Bambino*, the holy image dear to every Roman heart, has been carried in gorgeous procession and deposited in the Crib, a child steps forward and breaks into a rhapsody of welcome to the Child of the ages. In our own land there is never a church so poor but has its bed of straw, and never a Catholic so proud but kneels in simplicity to do honor to the Babe of Bethlehem, and becomes childlike once more in the presence of Infinite Power putting off His majesty and becoming in all things save sin, like unto us.

In this spirit AMERICA extends to all its friends Christmas greetings, good wishes and the hope that they may be given to share abundantly in this childlike spirit of the birthday of Jesus Christ; that they may be children again with all childhood's joyousness and kindliness and trustfulness; that they may find the burden of years slipping away as they bow before the manger, their hearts growing young with the enthusiastic, reckless love of their early years, love too generous to count the cost, replacing the cold sophistications of age; that the smile of the Christ Child may smooth the wrinkles of care from their brows, put laughter into their hearts, and light up the darkness of the world and make it appear a good place after all, in spite of its sin and sorrow and selfishness. What the first-born is to the youthful father and mother, AMERICA hopes that the Christ Child will be to all its readers, a consecration of their holiest affections, an inspiration to high resolve, and a full and overflowing redemption of their hearts. Christ, with His arms outstretched in pleading, unmindful of neglect, and anxious to take even sinners to His heart, makes one glad on Christmas Day to be alive, for it is a glorious thing to be alive in a world in which there is the mystery, ever renewed, of the infinite love of the Incarnate God.

A Man and an Occasion

THE man is a gentleman from the Pacific coast, the occasion was a lecture delivered in the metropolis, in aid of a parochial school situated at Turner, in the State of New York. There was nothing very unusual about the occasion, there is something quite extraordinary about the man; he talks like a Catholic. He believes in Catholic doctrine and is not afraid to preach it, even from the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York where there are so many Catholics prominent and uncompromising on high feasts, elusive and meek-toned in the day of tribulation.

The gentleman from California has caught the spirit of the Church: somehow or other, probably through the agency of a mother who lived in the vision of God, he has been brought to realize with St. Augustine that Catholicism is also life, life lived and to be lived not only in the pew at High Mass, but also in the forum, in the market-place and even on the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York. He was as a breeze from the sea, that man of the West, refreshing and toning. He spoke of the Christ-child, mark it, from the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York; he laid down in emphatic tones the Church's doctrine on the sanctity of woman's virtue and motherhood, he exalted her teachings on uprightness: strangest of all, he paid tribute to the zeal and learning of the American clergy and spoke affectionately of the Church, as a tender, infallible mother to whom Catholics should look for help and guidance. All this from the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York, and the hall still stands, but the man from the West, alas! has gone.

And wonderful to say that man from the West is intellectual; why, he has even attained prominence, great prominence in his profession, the law; it is even whispered that he is "well-to-do," and moves in select circles, but he talks like a Catholic.

The strength of the Lion of Juda to Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, and the peace of Christ: and to others too, for this is Christmastide.

Peace and the Vatican

MORE and more has the world come to behold in the Pope, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. This fact has again been strikingly brought home to us in the recent note addressed to the Vatican by one of the great contending Powers in the world war. Acting in sympathy with her allies, Germany has recognized in the Holy Father the supreme defender of the cause of peace. To him, as to the highest court of appeal, was sent the note of peace transmitted to the opposing Governments through the kindly office of the three neutral Powers, the United States, Spain and Switzerland. This is nothing less than a public and official recognition of the true function of the Pope to safeguard as best he may the peace

of the world. His love, like that of Christ, embraces all mankind. It knows no bounds of country, and no distinction of language or of race. He is the Father of all Christendom. Even those into whose lives the Christmas star has never shone are dear to him, and his affection goes out to them with that yearning tenderness which filled the Christ Child's heart on the first Christmas morning.

His wish is to behold all men united in a brotherhood of love, practising the arts of peace, and worshiping the one God and Father of all, and Him whom the prophets foretold, the Prince of Peace. Germany in her appeal has officially recognized this fact. Describing the frightful devastation caused by the war, the destruction of the treasures of civilization, the death or maiming of millions of brave soldiers, the grief which has settled on almost every household, and the baneful effects which have extended even to the neutral lands, she appeals to the Holy Father as the one most deeply interested in restoring the lost peace to the world. In words without adulation she pays to Him this true and noble tribute:

Since the first day of the pontifical reign His Holiness the Pope has unwaveringly demonstrated, in the most generous fashion, his solicitude for the innumerable victims of the war. He has alleviated the sufferings and ameliorated the fate of thousands of men injured by this catastrophe. Inspired by the exalted ideals of his ministry, His Holiness has seized every opportunity in the interest of humanity to end the sanguinary slaughter.

Time and again has the call for peace sounded from the Vatican. Time and again has he demanded of the nations and their rulers to cease from the fratricidal conflict. Fearlessly has he exposed the sophisms of those who held that lasting peace can be achieved only by crushing their opponents. Granting that after further years of carnage, when all Europe has been furrowed by the plow of war and soaked with the blood of her best and bravest sons, such a tragic culmination could finally be reached by one party or the other in this gigantic struggle, would the result be a lasting peace? Never! the Holy Father has assured us. The fires of hatred and revenge, he declares, would glow only the more fiercely underneath the ashes of defeat, until the time when they could break forth with a renewed violence. May the nations heed his warning. He is speaking in the interest of no side or country; he is speaking in the name of the Prince of Peace.

A Martyred Priest

ARNUALFO AREVALO, few knew him and fewer still cared for him! After all he was but a Mexican priest, one of many driven by the tempest of bandits' passions to our shores. One cold day he rang the bell of a house where busy men dwell and entered timidly, ill clad, sick and tired, an exile from a land he loved. He stayed on for a long time, gentle and prayerful, thankful to embarrassment for the least service. As the year wore away Arnulfo Arevalo grew restless with a strange

restlessness. His eyes were dim at times, but he was silent then, and no man intruded on his grief.

The Spirit of God was upon him; he had been "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor," he had been "sent to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captive and sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, the day of reward," and now, in the very beginning of his priesthood, while the holy chrism was still fresh on his anointed hands, he was idle in a wilderness of men, in a strange city. Children who hungered for the Bread of Life and thirsted for the water of eternal joy were dying on far-away plains and in distant mountain-passes. He must be with them. Then too would not his mother need his protection and ministration in Mexico's sad hour of rapine and disease? Thus the Spirit of God spoke through this young, sad-eyed priest, and when objection was raised that to go to Mexico was to die, a smile flitted across his face, as he said: "Maybe one man must die for the people." And he went, and he died for the people.

His letters told of misery, too great for words: hunger, sickness and despair:

I have just returned worn out from a day's journey among the sick and dying. Typhus is raging, the people are dropping off by the score. I found six doomed persons in one poor shack and helped them as best I could. Famine stalks abroad, and I am so sad. How heavy the hand of God is upon us!

But Arnulfo Arevalo is sad no longer. He is dead, another victim in Mexico's tragedy. His lifeless eyes look up to heaven, on a far-off plain, but his soul is with God. For eternity the light of God's face will be on his brow and the music of golden harps will be in his heart; Arnulfo Arevalo gave his life for a friend.

And how his fate typifies Mexico's travail, the good dying by the score from hunger, disease, violence, the depraved living in high riot under the eyes of a powerful neighbor, while sleek, well-fed Americans view with indifference or contempt the fate of a martyred nation! But then some day America may produce an Arnulfo Arevalo, and God will be pleased.

"That Now Discredited Word 'Literary'"

THE eloquent "plea for the older ways," which Mr. William Watson makes in his recent book, "Pencraft," is a merciless criticism of modern literary tendencies. Literature, he maintains, is a noble art and should be so considered by its votaries. He has little patience with the promoters of the newer forms of literature and warns his readers against those books by "advanced" authors, "which are praised for being little short of brutally 'alive.'" To correct the errors in taste which admiration for such works evidences, Mr. Watson addresses these earnest words to all scholars:

What, then, is the rock of principle on which we should take our stand? It is this: the recognition of an intellectual duty

and obligation on our part to see to it that our very revolutions, in their nature and purpose, are essentially movements toward order, not toward anarchy; toward that happiest freedom which rather welcomes control as a support than resents it as an interference. It is because I discern in much recent literature an opposite drift, away from that true enfranchisement, that I have attempted the perhaps hopeless and almost certainly thankless task of doing something, however little, in the counteracting of such a tendency.

He observes in this country "widespread literary impressionability," "coupled with a good deal of crude and indiscriminating judgment." That, no doubt, is due to the commercialism of the age, our worship of "efficiency" and the abandonment, in the curriculums of so many non-Catholic colleges, of those time-tried courses which are so valuable for developing in students keen literary discernment. In substantial agreement with Mr. Watson's appraisal of modern literary tendencies is a good paper contributed to the *New York Times* by Mrs. Florence Earle Coates. She finds writers of today producing a vast deal of "verse," but precious little poetry. She would advise many of them to give up trying to be poets, "poetry is so difficult," and write honest prose instead. Regarding the character of the themes they choose for their lucubrations, she well observes:

The trouble with much modern poetry, with much poetry that is widely read, highly praised, and extensively advertised, is that it is absolutely godless. I find that few of the poets who have been conspicuous during the last few years have any ideal, anything large or final to say. Some of the modern poets deliberately choose distasteful subjects, subjects that are mean and morbid and base. They show a perverse affection for ugliness and ill-health. Now, poetry that endures is not produced by writers who have this attitude toward life.

Unfortunately, however, the various kinds of free-verse writers still contrive to persuade the average magazine editor to print in the form of poetry their prosy output, and the things they choose to describe are all too often the very ones that cannot be, as Mrs. Coates correctly maintains, the theme of true poetry whose high mission has been time out of mind to fill the soul with love and admiration for what is great and beautiful. Those who attract attention by writing, however cleverly, about ugliness and disease are not authentic poets, the publishers of "fifth editions" to the contrary notwithstanding. True poets, by "still nursing the unconquerable hope, still clutching the inviolable shade," give their readers nobler loves and nobler cares, "lifting them above mean desires, and helping them to believe with Socrates, that they who have the fewest wants are nearest to the gods."

All this to be sure will sound strange to those Americans who insist that since literature is life, it must deal with "subjects that are mean and sordid and base." Such folk, only too often vicious themselves, are not as disingenuous as they appear to be. Were they more honest, they would proclaim boldly that, in their estimation, letters are a legitimate avenue for the dissemination of corruption. This admission would have the merit of honesty, even though it revealed a sordid heart.

Literature

BULWER LYTTON, VICTORIAN ROMANTIC

IN studying Victorian origins, one's eyes are constantly turned to the salon of Lady Blessington. From that circle came forth so many of the figures that were to make the difference between 1837 and 1887, and all who had been steeped in its atmosphere carried into the affairs of the larger world a trail of its influence. They were men distinguished and yet in some strange way *déclassés*. They had glory, but not secure reputation. Bulwer Lytton was one of the most characteristic of the types that emerged from the Blessington salon. The Bulwers were an old English family, yet he was so swarthy that men might well take him for a foreigner, almost for an Oriental. He had been brought up in the most extraordinary fashion, and everything that had happened to him had combined to give him a twist. His father and his mother had quarreled all through his childhood. When he fell in love he quarreled with his mother about his sweetheart. When he married, he quarreled with his wife, partly about his mother. Most people, however, who read a fair account of this latter quarrel will feel their sympathy to be mainly with the wife.

But Lytton was unquestionably a man of genius; one feels that in his worst novels and in his most affected private letter. What kind of genius he was is a much more difficult matter to determine. The close friendship which developed between him and Disraeli inevitably suggests a comparison between the two men, and, indeed, they had not a little in common. The one is remembered primarily as a politician; the other, more faintly, as a novelist. Yet there seems at first no particular reason why an accident should not have resulted in their changing parts. Disraeli's novels, if not better novels, are at least more permanently valuable contributions to literature than most of Lytton's; and there are speeches of Lytton's, those on the Crimean War in particular, which seem, to me at least, fully equal to the best of Disraeli's. Deadly as was much of Disraeli's irony and powerful as was his best invective, it was not in him to say anything as good as: "Destroy your Government and save your army."

Had Disraeli been disappointed in his political ambitions he would probably have devoted himself to literature; his novels, written for the popular market, would have had more romantic fustian and less cynical observation, would have been more admired by his contemporaries and more easily forgotten by posterity, just as Lytton's have been. And it may easily seem to many that had Lytton been able to snatch the chance that Disraeli snatched, he might have been the leader of a great political party.

But there was not in Lytton that Jewish power of concentration on a single object that underlay all Disraeli's fripperies and affectations. It was his temperament as well as his pose to be an Admirable Crichton, to touch everything and to touch nothing that he did not adorn. He was the most representative of all the Victorians. He was not a great novelist, but he created one brilliant fictitious character. That character was Bulwer Lytton, and Bulwer Lytton is best understood as the Victorian era dramatizing itself romantically.

The Victorian era was, until near its very end, a time of exuberant hopes and inexhaustible interests. It was interested in art and in literature in a romantic fashion. It was interested in science in an even more romantic fashion. It was interested in politics in a fashion half-serious, half-sporting. It was keenly interested in religion without having much of a religion to be interested in. The ideal man of the Victorian age must be an omnivorous student, a not unsympathetic skeptic, and yet a man of the world, acquainted with affairs. Lytton fitted this ideal.

Lytton's novels, indiscriminately praised in his own time, have now—with the possible exception of "The Caxtons"—fallen into a somewhat indiscriminate neglect. Yet he produced at least one really great tale, "A Strange Story," and all that he wrote in the way of comedy, especially of extravagant comedy, like much of "Pelham," is good. His plays are dead: even the "Lady of Lyons" and "Money," which lasted the longest, have ceased to attract modern audiences. The world has even more completely forgotten his poetry, and this is perhaps the most undeserved part of the fate which has overtaken him.

Lytton was not a great poet. Much of what he wrote in verse, in the "Lady of Lyons" and, in fact, nearly all his poetic dramas, is sham romantic stuff. On the other hand, it is fair to him to say that no one since the eighteenth century has been able to catch so well the note of that school of epigrammatic satire which Dryden and Pope established. There are passages in "St. Stephen's" and "The New Timon" which recall the best eighteenth-century work in the compactness of their phrasing and the vividness of the impression they produce; and one would hardly be afraid to put along side of some of the superb portraits of "Absalom and Achitophel" the description of Lord Derby in the latter poem:

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate!
Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.

Unfortunately, however, Lytton let fly one of his shafts at a poet immeasurably superior to himself, a poet who seldom used the weapons of satire, but who, when he did use them, showed himself a master. In "The New Timon" there was an allusion to "School-Miss Alfred" and to "Tennysonian Rhyme." School-Miss Alfred showed herself no person to be insulted with impunity. Tennyson's reply has always seemed to me a very fine piece of work. I do not know of any passage in poetical satire, not even Pope's verses on Sporus, where mere contempt is more powerfully suggested than in that stanza on the comparison between the Old and the New Timon.

So died the Old; here comes the New;
Regard him—a familiar face;
I thought we knew him! what, it's you—
The padded man that wears the stays!

Lytton died in 1873. He lived long enough to make Dickens spoil the end of "Great Expectations," and to see his friend Disraeli establish household suffrage. The Victorian age was already waning. The free parliament of the fifties, in which he had distinguished himself, was no more. Gladstone and Disraeli confronted each other, and the mechanical party system was already in being. The Victorian era was passing; and this brilliant type of it passed first, "as he was ever wont."

CECIL CHESTERTON.

REVIEWS

The Sulpicians in the United States. By CHARLES G. HERBERMANN, LL.D. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. \$2.25.

Not the least of the many debts under which the lamented Dr. Herbermann has placed his fellow Catholics in the United States is this history of the Baltimore Community of the "Gentlemen of St. Sulpice." It was the last work of his busy life, and one which, having once begun, in spite of the loss of sight that afflicted Dr. Herbermann's closing years, he says himself, he "soon found a labor of love." When his great affliction is recalled the success of his accomplishment can be all the more

appreciated. It is the first comprehensive record published of the aims of the Sulpicians, the nature of their methods in the cause of clerical education, and of the character of the men who have carried on their work from the coming of Father Nagot to Baltimore, in July, 1791. In detailing the development of St. Mary's Seminary and College and of St. Charles' College, Dr. Herbermann has made use of his data to illustrate as well the steady growth of the Church throughout the United States, and to indicate how racial accessions contributed to its material and social progress. There are sketches of the pioneers that the Company of St. Sulpice gave to the ranks of the Hierarchy: Dubois, Flaget, David, Dubourg, Maréchal, Eccleston, Bruté, Chabrat, Clanche, the builders of the strong foundations on which the great structure now securely rests.

On the mission-field, says Cardinal Gibbons in a brief preface to the volume, they have everywhere left in the districts in which they worked as priests or bishops, a reputation for personal holiness, great labors and public spirit. Their missionary record is especially noteworthy for men trained in the cloistered life of the seminary, and laboring in a strange land. Again it would be difficult to overrate the extent of their help in securing for our needy missions in times past a large supply both of French priests and of French money. This service is, as has been remarked, not unlike that which the French nation rendered ours at the period of the Revolution.

In the recent celebration at Baltimore, of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the first Sulpician seminary in the United States, Dr. Herbermann's History was crowned with honor and was made one of the features of a notable event in which prelates and priests from all over the country participated. The tribute was well merited and the only regret is that the author did not live to witness it.

T. F. M.

Lights and Shadows. Some Scenes and Sketches from the Mission Field. Compiled by Rev. JOSEPH SPEILER, P. S. M. Translated by C. LAWRENCE, O. M. Cap. Techny, Ill.: Mission Press of the Society of the Divine Word. \$0.75.

These sketches make a very timely appearance, coming as they do at a moment when thinking Catholics of America are beginning to realize that their money and perhaps their lives must help support the missions that the war in Europe has crippled so terribly. After a clear summary of the chief religions found among the heathen, the author gives a vivid picture of the moral and social evils of paganism. The very simplicity of this narrative and the absence of all artificial coloring but heighten the depressing effect. Add to this the story of the difficulties, dangers and sacrifices that mark the efforts of the heroes of God who are trying to bring these souls to Christ, and the picture is dark indeed. But these shadows lose their gloom in the light that comes from the third part of this book. Here we have the story of the faith and zeal of the neophytes, told mostly by the lips of the missionaries themselves. Thus by a method of contrasts our sympathy is enlisted for the missions. The book should find a large audience among Catholics who have at heart the spread of the Kingdom of Christ.

E. D. S.

Our Hispanic Southwest. By ERNEST PEIXOTTO. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Is it good taste or bad that prefers "Hispanic" to "Spanish"? We leave it to the reader, remarking that, while *Hispanus* was good enough for Cicero, later Romans, generally supposed to have degenerated somewhat, had to invent *Hispanicus*. The book before us is the work of an artist who travels to find subjects for his pencil. The pictures, therefore, are its chief part, and they are good. The reading part is rather rambling. Both are more pleasant for those who have the preparation of experience. Those who have seen the places depicted and know their history, will

find this book the occasion of many pleasant reminiscences: those who lack this experience may be led to seek it. Of course, one notices in this, as in all such books by persons not Catholic, that superior habit of gentle toleration, which some of us accept humbly and gratefully, and praise as the sign of a kindly spirit, but which others, perceiving the incongruity of such patronage coming to the Church of the Living God from all sorts and conditions of his creatures, resent very justly. Our author is good-humoredly patient with pictures of saints and such like things; while, when an Indian girl falls a couple of hundred feet over a precipice, at the foot of a missionary mounting to the cliff city at the peril of his life, who picks her up unhurt, he prefers to attribute the escape to the probable softness of the probable sand upon which she probably fell, rather than recognize with the Indians, who saw the fact and were thoroughly informed regarding the probable sand and its probable softness, and the natural result of such a fall, the miracle which led them to lay aside all hostility and to receive the missionary as the messenger of Heaven. But the children of this world are always wiser in their generation than the children of light.

H. W.

Problems of Religion. By DURANT DRAKE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

Professor Drake is an agnostic, and yet not an agnostic. He finds fault with every argument for the existence of a personal God, the while he holds premiseless conclusions aenent the origin and evolution of religion to be scientifically acceptable; he rejects the Gospel testimony in favor of Christ's miracles, and uses Gospel testimony to prove that the Wonder-Worker of Galilee was a faith-healer; he doubts whether the "Primacy" text belongs to the genuine sayings of the Master, albeit he has no doubt that it does not mean what it does mean; he finds no reason for asserting the Saviour's Divinity, but is perfectly satisfied that Jesus thought the end of the world near; he is sure that the Resurrection is unproved, and equally sure that St. Paul's *visum est* can refer only to visions. It is to be regretted that books of the "Problems of Religion" type constitute the popular religious literature of the day; it is still more to be regretted that the authorities of Wesleyan University permitted Professor Drake, who, by the way, is a Ph.D. of Columbia and an A.M. of Harvard, to inoculate the students whom Christian parents have committed to the care of these professors, with the poison of Christless Christianity, and, perhaps, to define faith as an assent to possibilities on account of the advantages thereof, or to ascribe the birth of religion to primitive superstition and error.

J. T. L.

My Garden. By LOUISE BEEBE WILDER. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Whoso loves a garden will love this book even as he might love the faithful portrait and appreciative biography of a dear friend. For every well-kept garden is, as the initiated enthusiastically claim, "a companion that never fails, a friend that never fails, an unending source of refreshment, comfort and entertainment." No corner of an ideal flower-garden is left undescribed in these pages. The wall or the hedge or the latticework that incloses it and gives it a distinct boundary, and its greatest charm of privacy and seclusion, where we may open the garden-gate and close it behind us and feel the rare enjoyment of a paradise apart; the borders and the beds and the soil of them and the tasteful mingling of colors; what flowers we are to choose and nourish to set amid the draperies of May, or the magic luxuriance of June, or the hot fervor of July, or the sunset glories of autumn: here we may learn of them all, we who care to keep our own gardens, receiving from them more radiant life, more sunshine, more growth than we give thereto. Nor does the author's enthusiasm and fervor force her to be the less

practical, for lists and statistics and illustrations and sensible work-a-day counsel only penetrate the further with the reader because of the warmth and eloquence that surround them. This book has peculiar value for the keeper of a garden, inspiring him with enthusiasm or imparting direction; and yet for all who love life at all, the volume mingles in the way that ever fascinateth, the thing of profit with the glow of charm.

J. P. M.

The History of the Fabian Society. By EDWARD R. PEASE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75.

Socialism in America. By JOHN MACY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

Fabianism has in general been regarded as a dilettante form of Socialism. It has never been taken very seriously by American Socialists, but has furnished them with an abundance of literature which they have found serviceable in making a wider appeal for their doctrines. Its fundamental tenets are purely socialistic, demanding the transfer of land and industrial property from individual to class ownership. In the latter instance it specifies such property as can conveniently be managed socially. Expropriated individuals are to receive "such relief" as may seem fit to the community. This in brief is the basic doctrine of the Fabian Society. Though an exclusive association and confined to what its leaders would consider an intellectual aristocracy, it welcomed from its beginning every form of radicalism, and only gradually evolved a definite program. It consisted of young men who were superciliously wiser than their fathers. "Our parents," says the author, "who read neither Spencer nor Huxley, lived in an intellectual world which bore no relation to our own. We also felt instinctively that we could accept nothing on trust from those who still believed that the early chapters of Genesis accurately described the origin of the universe." This explains the spirit of the book and of the society whose leading and formative spirit was Shaw. Though the latter has at present retired somewhat into the background, the association might fittingly enough have been termed the Shavian Society. Its main sources of inspiration have been Socialism, atheistic Darwinianism, and the agrarian Socialism of Henry George. One of its guiding stars at the first was Mrs. Annie Besant, "then notorious as an advocate of atheism and Malthusianism." The slightest trivialities concerning the Society are considered by the author worthy of historic immortality.

The second volume belongs to the series of "The American Books." It is somewhat difficult to analyze the psychological process by which it comes to be included in "a library of good citizenship," such as this series professes to be. The author is at the same time a Socialist and an I. W. W. and his book is dedicated to the anarchistic syndicalist Arturo Giovannitti. He believes that the issue between the Catholic Church and Socialism "had better be sharpened and not blurred with timid explanations." The fallacy is repeated that the Church has begun the attack, as if the principles of Socialism had not themselves been a defiance of Christianity. The author candidly admits that Socialism and anarchism "sprang from the same stock and have in their veins some common blood," and shows that no attempt has ever been made to carry out the staged resolution of expelling from the Socialist party those advocating "crime, sabotage, or other methods of violence." He adds convincingly: "Some of us have been advocating these things under certain conditions as publicly as we knew how and are still awaiting expulsion from the party." His ideal, which is here put before American youth in "a library of good citizenship," is that of the I. W. W. Its spirit he believes must animate the labor movement "if it is to have a revolutionary function," and he holds that it admirably possesses "all that is essential in Socialism." J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In "The Valley of Vision" (New York: The Encyclopedia Press, \$0.75), Miss Blanche Mary Kelly has gathered together about thirty short poems from her pen, which have already appeared in various publications. The poems are something more than mere pleasant versifying. They are the embodiment of genuine poetic thought, clothed in poetic yet simple diction. They show delicacy and refinement of feeling and at times give evidence of strong, if suppressed emotion. The little volume is unpretentious in scope and theme. That very quality will help to win it a warm welcome. When the author shall have steadied her hand to all the arts and devices of her difficult craft, it is to be hoped that she will not be afraid to sound a bolder message than she has given us in these delicate lays. Her poems promise well for a still richer harvest of song in the future.

The December *Month* offers its readers a series of interesting and timely articles, all marked by sound scholarship, clearness and force of presentation. Continuing a subject already treated in two preceding articles, and whose purpose is to help the reader to derive more profit as well as enjoyment from the works of the foremost Catholic novelists, Father Herbert Lucas writes "Of God's Plot" in Catholic Fiction." With regard to "plot significance," plot-interest, he says that the Catholic writer holds a position of distinct advantage as compared with the non-Catholic novelist. "God's Plot" for the salvation and sanctification of souls, he writes, involves interrelations far more intricate than those which arise out of the more narrowly limited aims of short-sighted humanity. In "Concerning Prayer," Father Sidney Smith analyses certain theories of prayer and kindred subjects put forth by prominent Anglican clergymen such as the Rev. Harold Johnson, the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews and Dr. Rufus Jones, and shows how far they deflect from fundamental Christian beliefs. John Ayscough, in "French and English" tells how the "Ancient" met the French artilleryman and of the good he did to his soul. M. B. Willison writes of "Domestic Service," Father Thurston of "The German Press Propaganda," and Mary Samuel Daniel draws interesting sketches of "Some Paddington People." The "Miscellanea" and the "Reviews" present their usual thoughtful budget, and M. G. Chadwick contributes a fine poem: "The Hand of the Lord."

Priests and laymen who are desirous of having at hand an accurate exposition of Catholic doctrine will be pleased to know that a translation of the second volume of Rev. L. Labauche's lectures on dogmatic theology is now in the market, under the title, "God and Man" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, \$1.50). In four well-classified divisions the author treats of the state of original innocence, original sin, grace, man and his future state. Though simple, the book is scholarly and abounds in valuable references which will please those who wish to pursue further studies along the lines indicated. The publishers announce that the first volume of the lectures is already in press.

Catholics would get nothing to hope for were they to read such books as "Living for the Future" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.00), by Dr. J. R. Slater, Professor of English, in the University of Rochester. The author purposed to give us his impressions of heaven. "Impressions," is used advisedly, for the whole book is a patchwork of impressions. No attempt is made to prove anything, not even the fact of life after death. Immortality is a fact that we are supposed to know by intuition, belief in the hereafter "is not matter of proof." This attitude is the Ritschian tendency that has permeated into the very core of most Protestant theology of today. Religion is not a thing of the reason; it is of the emotions. And so we need not prove the truth of any dogma of our religion. Does it appeal to us?

Is it of value to us? Yes? Then that is enough. In such wise the professor of English postulates the fact of immortality. And what is its nature? What will the soul do after death? Dr. Slater is sure, by intuition, that the soul in heaven will not be idle. That is a comfort. Then what will it do? He now waives Scripture and metaphysics. He views immortality "from a new angle,"—yes, an angle so obtuse that from its point of vision, we can see only blank space. For we get not an idea, when he tells us that immortality will be a "permanent resistance to the forces of spiritual mortality."

With paper so high, it is a pity the free-verse writers are not more considerate. Amy Lowell's latest volume, "Men, Women and Ghosts," (Macmillan, \$1.25) is 363 pages long, yet if the rhymeless, three-worded lines that fill much of the book were only printed like the prose they really are, the bulk of the volume would be greatly reduced. These uplifting "verses" from a "poem" entitled "Thompson's Lunch Room":

The electric clock jerks every half-minute:
"Coming!—Past!"
"Three beef-steaks and a chicken-pie"
Bawled through a slide while the clock jerks heavily.
A man carries a china mug of coffee to a distant chair

would be tolerable descriptive prose, if so printed, but though written like poetry they deceive no one of discernment. There are well-rhymed selections in the volume, however, and the author often shows she is a clever word-painter. But in the name of every-day honesty, why not print prose as prose?

Roy L. French's "Home Care of Consumptives" (\$1.00), Mae Lowell Croy's "1,000 Ways Around the House" (\$1.50) and "The Myrtle Reed Cook Book" (\$1.50) are three useful volumes from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author of the first book has gathered together only useful and at the same time necessary information on the subject of consumption, and has put it forth in the simplest form. One brief chapter is devoted to the purely scientific discussion of the disease, its nature, care and prevention, while the other chapters deal with the practical and even minute details of the consumptive's daily life: rest, exercise, cleanliness and eternal hope. The second book is an excellent collection of hints and suggestions on ways of making housekeeping easier. They range from advice about choosing and furnishing the home to counsel on bringing up children and on entertaining guests. The list of labor-saving devices in the book will alarm impecunious husbands. The 500 or more pages of recipes in the third volume named above ought to enable housewives to give an alluring variety to the domestic menu. In addition, there is a bright chapter on "The Philosophy of Breakfast," directions for setting the table properly and a "Kitchen Rubaiyat" which stops just in time.

"The Taming of Calinga" (Dutton, \$1.35), Mr. C. L. Carson's first novel, is the story of a glorified Filipino head hunter. The hero leaves his mountain tribe armed with his war-bolo and the clay image of an ancestral god, and is captured by the President's party which is journeying to Manila. After stinging cuts of the lash fail to tame the wild, defiant soul, the Ilocano Padre's calm, quiet message of the "white Image of a Man that hung from Crossed Sticks" proves the best method of civilizing the savage. Calinga shows himself a patient, obedient student, and after some thrilling experiences, involving a comely maiden, he awakens to a new spirit of enterprise and returns to his tribe a Catholic. It is a strong and well-told story.—Admirers of Irvin Cobb, and they are many, will confess to some disappointment in "Fibble, D.D.!" (Doran, \$1.20) and "Local Color" (Doran, \$1.35), but each volume contains welcome examples of Cobbian humor, human, clean, and always kindly.—"The

Whirlpool" (Dutton, \$1.50), by Victoria Morton, is a novel which sets out to prove that "the present system of criminal punishment is barbarous and primitive," and that "to open all the prisons in the world would go far towards establishing a better order of things." The proof submitted by the author can scarcely be termed apodictic.

Mr. J. F. Fuller, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., etc., is a Conservative-Nationalist-Protestant architect who in a well-illustrated volume called "Omniana: the Autobiography of an Irish Octogenarian" (Dutton, \$3.00), frees his mind of a vast deal of unimportant reflections and reminiscences on that wide range of subjects of which the renowned Walrus, Alice's friend, was so consummate a master. When a boy in Kerry Mr. Fuller knew intimately the Father Welsh who was the original of Alfred Perceval Graves's "Father O'Flynn." The author is fond of expressing his low opinion of all kinds of theology, he finds much entertainment in the conversation of tourists from "Ammurrica," fills 287 pages of excellent paper with uninteresting anecdotes and recollections, and ends by proudly displaying his family tree, with its wonderful "seize quartiers."

In "A Fire in the Snow" (New York, Thomas Y. Crowell, \$0.50), Charles Jefferson, D.D., compares the spirit of Christmas to a fire kindled by schoolboys in the snow. What is Christmas, he asks, but a fire burning amidst the ice and the frosts of December? The author is keenly alive to the festive spirit of Christmas and sees in it the feast of friendship and of the home. But he realizes that it is something more sacred still. He recognizes that it was the Son of God who kindled the fire of Christmas long ago, the fire of love. He then draws a picture of the cold world in which we live, and sees it benumbed by a deadly chill, while in Europe "a continent has slipped back into the age of ice." The little book is written in the right spirit, and carries with it a cheering message. The central idea around which it revolves will recall to many the beautiful poem of the martyred Jesuit, Robert Southwell, "The Burning Babe."

Lovers of the Christ-Child will be pleased to read once again this beautiful carol of Gilbert K. Chesterton:

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary was the world,
But here is all alright.)

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ Child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-Child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

"Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment" (Yale University Press, \$1.35) is a series of lectures given at Yale, by H. St. George Tucker. The book's real subject is local self-government, assured by "the rightful demarcation of the powers of the Federal and State Governments under the Constitution." Dr. Tucker presents a strong argument against undue centralization at Washington, a movement which bids fair to culminate in governmental dictatorship over private institutions of education and relief.

EDUCATION

Christ in the School

ON the cornerstone of many a parochial school is sculptured the phrase, *Christo Redemptori*, for Christ our Saviour. Rightly is Christ chosen as the cornerstone of every undertaking, and in the Latin brevity two words suffice to enshrine the whole purpose of the Catholic school. As was foretold by the Master, we Catholics, poor for the most part in the goods of this world, and held of little account by the great ones of the earth, often find ourselves strangely at variance with the ebb and flow of life about us. To those who can look beneath the surface of current history, never perhaps, in the ages of Christianity, was the variance more sharply marked.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST

CATHOLICS believe fully and firmly that some nineteen centuries ago, the eternal God, to save mankind from sin, came down from heaven, and appeared amongst us as the Babe of Bethlehem, born of the Virgin Mary. We read in the Sacred Scriptures, which without ignorant and supercilious cavil we accept as God's own word, that during His years amongst us, He taught us what we must do and believe, if we would cooperate with Him in the salvation of our souls. He did not content Himself, as the Gospels reveal, with teaching His followers to avoid evil and do good. That much the pagans, enlightened by the natural law, had done. Nor did He stop when He had given them certain special means, instituted by Himself, to help them to keep the law of God. Often during the course of His work, He insisted upon the acceptance by all of a body of truths, which, He said, they must believe. Furthermore, He sent a group of men to preach what He had taught them to believe and to do; and He authorized them, although He was goodness and gentleness itself, to say in His Name, that all who refused to believe, would be damned forever.

To these men, after He had imparted His own power of binding and loosing sin, He gave the commission to teach the whole world, sending them "as the Father hath sent Me," and He promised that He would abide with them, Himself teaching them all things. He did not fix the term of His presence at the sixth or at the sixteenth century, but promised that His Spirit would be with them until the consummation of the world. We Catholics hold that Jesus Christ was the Truth of God. He has not deceived us. His promise has been fulfilled.

THE PLACE OF CHRIST

IT follows from all this, that to us Catholics, Jesus Christ is not a faint memory, but a very real and living Person. He is not far from anyone of us. He is in heaven at the right hand of His Father, and there His Sacred Heart still beats in love for us, as of old in the days of His pilgrimage. But He is also in the Church, His Mystical Body; He dwells with us, according to His promise, really and truly, the Emmanuel of our altars; and He is present to us in the promptings of His grace. In Him, we live, move, and are. He is not the Unknown God, whose altar the quick eye of St. Paul noted in the streets of Athens, nor have we any intention of ever allowing that title to be applied to Him. We see no reason whatever, why the principles and the memory of Jesus Christ should be divorced from art or from literature, from science or from our amusements, or, in short, from any pursuit in which man may lawfully engage. Life without Him seems an exile as dark as the pit of Orcus, and as hopeless.

THE CLAIMS OF CHRIST

SPEAKING as moralists, we consider education without God the pet invention of Julian the Apostate, and the chief delight of the Prince of Darkness. As scientists, we fail to

rate as the triumph of educational skill, a system which tries to read history, let us say, while simply ignoring the claims of Jesus Christ. "It does not matter," the moralists-without-religion tell us, "whether or not Jesus Christ is God. We can still admire the nobility of His character." To do this, requires, it would seem, certain brain-convolutions not common among Catholics. And there is a world of guile in that "still." If Jesus Christ is God, it is blasphemy to say, particularly to impressionable children, that it makes no difference whether or not we accept His claims. If He is not God, He is either a fanatic, or the truth is not in Him. The spiritual value to the child, of a person of this type, is not apparent. We may pity fanatics, but we do not admire them; and it does not seem safe to ask the child to pattern his life after the model shown by one whose chief claim to men's remembrance is a skilful mendacity that for centuries has led astray the major part of the civilized world.

PREACHING CHRIST

ACCEPTING without reserve the claims of Jesus Christ, we gladly apply them in every department of life. We realize with a great sense of gratitude that ours is a precious heritage, to be transmitted undiminished to our children. Therefore is Jesus Christ the very soul of all our work in education. His Cross is on our school buildings, His Name is written upon their cornerstones; but our chief and dearest care is to engrave it on the heart of every Catholic child. We are not ashamed of the Gospel. In the Catholic school, the Incarnation is made a reality. Christ is pictured as the living God, the eternal lover of every human soul, and it is along the road of tender, intimate, personal love of Jesus Christ, that the soul of the child is led to God. Remembering, therefore, the words of Christ who welcomed the little ones, when, in mistaken zeal, the Apostles would have stayed them, we would put Christ into the heart of the innocent child at the earliest possible moment. Hence we deem it necessary to dedicate our schools, as well as our homes, to Christ.

We do not fear the old cry that our schools stifle in the children that proper love of their fellows and of their country, indispensable to good citizenship. It has never been raised by any man who has read history with an unbiased eye. He knows that our schools prepare first for the Kingdom of God, as the Saviour bade, and that this preparation is the firmest guarantee of upright and loyal citizenship. The others we disregard. But we are determined that the school in which Jesus Christ is ignored, or from which He is excluded, is not the school to which we can intrust our children. Therefore in our poverty, and how bitter it has often been God alone knows, we have erected the most splendid monument ever reared by any people to testify their belief in God, and their unswerving devotion to His Son—the American parochial school.

THE SCHOOL OF CONSECRATION

IT was a beautiful thought of the venerable prelate of St. Paul who bade us, "stand some morning near the parochial school, and feast your eyes on the little ones who are being educated for Christ." By the blessing of God, the little ones are being brought to Christ in daily increasing numbers. God who searches the hearts of men, is infinitely loving, and may find some mercy for those unnatural parents who without reason, deprive their children of the inestimable benefit of a Catholic education. To man, there seems no possible palliation. "Jesus, to Thee, I consecrate my whole self; my body, my soul, my heart, and all that I have, for time and eternity" is the prayer that the children were offering, as I passed the parochial school some mornings ago. That is a school in which Christ reigns. That alone is the school for the child which God Himself has put into your keeping.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Christ in the Lowly

IF we saw Jesus Christ, the workman of Galilee, in the harassed man who is trying to support a family of five on eight dollars a week, we might be moved to cry out against the oppression of the wage-earner. But that is not our vision. Therefore is it, that in this age of advanced civilization, and in this land of unequaled opportunity, a considerable majority of the laboring classes are endeavoring to live on less than a living-wage. If in the grimy face of the breaker-boy, or in the pallid features of the bobbin-girl, we could recognize some faint trace of the beauty of the adorable Child at Nazareth, the unspeakable iniquity that coins money from the blood of boys and girls would long ago have been swept out of existence. There is legalized murder and tolerated rapine on the earth today, as the bells again ring in the birth of Christ. Even on this blessed day, the souls and bodies of men and women are sold for a price in the marts of the world, and in desolate homes, children weep for hunger on Christ's birthday, because so many of us have forgotten what it is to be in truth, a follower of Jesus Christ.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

BY His merciful coming, Christ forged an unbreakable bond, uniting all men as brethren. He is truly of our race and nation; He has taken to Himself our frame, our flesh, our nature; He has become like to us in all things, save only sin. Made the first-born of many brethren in the Incarnation, He elevated the natural kinship of all in Adam, to a relation that is sacred. As brothers, we are equal; as brothers, we ought, in St. Paul's words, to prevent one another in charity; and because Jesus Christ is our true brother, we are all in an equal sense, according to the intention of Christ, children of God and heirs of Heaven. Apart then, from the truth that every human being has been made to the image of God, the most ignorant, crude and abject worker on the streets or in the shops attains through the Incarnation, a special dignity and consequent claim upon our consideration. He is one of Christ's brethren. By nature, he has all the rights of a man; through the Incarnation, he may ask something more than a free and full acknowledgment of these rights. The spirit of the Gospel would have us see in him, Christ Himself. "As long as you did it to one of my least brethren, you did it to me."

DISSOLVING THE BONDS

IN the Gospels and in the traditions of the Church, nothing is clearer than our Lord's teaching of this brotherhood from which no man is excluded. This fact, no one who calls himself a follower of Christ will deny; but the greater part of the world's misery arises from the refusal of men, particularly of those in commercial and financial strongholds, to put it into consistent practice. Worse, as the world draws away from Christ, it seeks to supplant His teaching, by theories in which He has no part. The attempt to find a remedy by this course is vain; as well might the mathematician seek to solve his problem by persistently refusing to include the dominant factor.

No man ever spoke with the power, or taught with the insight and justice that is found in Jesus Christ. Unless the principles of life which He taught and practised are accepted without gloss or diminution as an indispensable groundwork, the most carefully elaborated plans of social reform can do no more than throw a temporary veil over present evils. The Greeks had their philosophers, their workers of unequaled skill in form, color, and language, and their civilization culminated in moral and physical rottenness. Rome, following in her magnificence, at last saw the barbarians without her gates, and within the walls, a nerveless, effeminate race, in which the corruption of

the flesh had worked its way. With the lessons of history plainly before us, it should hardly seem necessary to draw the unmistakable conclusion, that when God is left out of man's reckoning, the tendency of individuals and of nations is definitely retrogressive. The refinements of literature and art, and the sterner lessons of a pagan philosophy which exhorts but cannot strengthen, have never turned the eyes of any nation away from the muck and towards the stars.

THE WAY TO SALVATION

YET there are many among us today who teach that the precepts of Christ may safely be replaced by the conclusions of man, that spiritual interests, if indeed they exist, must be held subservient to physical comfort and material progress, and that after nineteen centuries, a Christianity which they do not understand and have never practised, must be discarded for the prevailing philosophy of the day. The uprightness of their intentions need not be questioned; but it is clear that the proper term of their work is moral and physical ruin. In the solution of the problems of life and of social reform, merely human wisdom is foredoomed to utter failure. We need the wisdom of God, revealed to us in Christ Jesus, and help from on high to act according to that wisdom. There neither is, nor can be, any effective shield against the evils that today afflict society, except in the full acknowledgment of the claims of God over His creatures. There can be no adequate protection of the workers, who constitute the bulk of civilized society, or of their families, unless the spirit of Jesus Christ rules the hearts of men and directs the councils of nations.

Wisely, therefore, has Leo XIII written, "if society is to be healed, in no other way can it be healed, save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." For society as for the individual, there is no way to salvation, except through the acceptance of Christ and His doctrine. Applied to society, that doctrine teaches the dignity of man as an image of God, and the equality of all as brethren of Christ and heirs of Heaven. It teaches that this world is not man's abiding home, but that all have a destiny which will be fulfilled only in eternity, and forbids men, therefore, to place a higher value upon the things of this world than upon the things of God.

THE DUTY OF ALMS-GIVING

THE consideration of two further truths, directly connected with the brotherhood of men, seems especially opportune in these days, when the birth of the Saviour is celebrated. The first is the strict obligation incumbent upon the wealthy to apply themselves to alms-giving, and the second is the singularly exalted place held by the poor, in the affection of Jesus Christ.

Private ownership is beyond all doubt, a natural right which no man or government may abolish. Nevertheless, as is clear from our Lord's words, wealth is a possession to be regarded with fear and trembling. It may be said that then only does the rich man follow the constant tradition of the Church, when he regards himself simply as the steward of the poor. "He has received them," teaches Leo XIII, when treating of temporal goods, whether external, or gifts of soul, "to use them to perfect his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them, as the steward of God's providence." In these striking words, the Pontiff only repeats the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas. "Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own," says the Angelic Doctor, "but as common to all, so as to share them without hesitation when others are in need. Wherefore the Apostle saith: 'Command the rich of this world . . . to offer with no stint, to apportion largely.'"

It is true that this obligation is founded, except in extreme cases, not on justice but on charity, and that justice must always be satisfied before the claims of charity may be allowed. Therefore, the man who refuses his workers a living-wage,

gains no crown in heaven, and should be suffered to assume none on earth, by endowing a hospital. For he is, in plain words, a thief, and according to Holy Scriptures, a brother to the murderer. He has sinned the sin that cries to Heaven for vengeance, and He who is the lord of vengeance will assuredly repay it. There is no charity as long as justice has been left unfulfilled. No blessing flows from money, stained with the blood of murdered men and wet with the tears of starving children, brethren of Jesus Christ, who Himself ate the scanty bread of a workingman in the sweat of His brow.

CHRIST AND THE POOR

HOW Jesus Christ loved the poor is clear from every page of the Gospel. He was born in poverty. He chose the poor as His closest associates. He owed His very tomb to the charity of a friend. Not by the glorious radiance of Angels, but by sufferings willingly borne, was the path to Bethlehem brightened for Joseph and Mary. There was no place for them in the inns or cheery homes of Bethlehem, for they were poor. Homeless, out into the night they go, to find a birthplace for Christ the Eternal King, in an abandoned stable. He was God, but He was born like an outcast. He came of a race of Kings, and Mary, the spotless Maid, was His Mother; but they who first visited Him were poor and ignorant men, who saw a little Child in a manger and adored Him as their God. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. So has it ever been; so shall it be to the end. His lips have spoken it, who for our sake was born in indigence, and from the Cross looked down to see the foreign soldiers gambling for His poor garment. Blessed are they who, like Christ, spend their lives in teaching the world the needed lesson of an abiding love for the poor. Blessed are they who have understanding concerning the needy and indigent, they who like our persecuted Sisters and Brothers, have given up all things to serve Christ in the sick, the afflicted, the aged, and the orphan. And for us, especially in these days when the calls for Catholic charitable work are so pressing, is written the counsel of the aged Tobias: "If thou hast much, give abundantly; if thou hast little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." The children in particular, exposed as they are to the dangers of insidious proselytizing countenanced in high places, ought to be the first objects of our care. "Whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." For "as long as you did it to one of my least brethren, you did it to Me."

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A Christmas Saint

THERE is perhaps no more beautiful illustration of how the charity of Christ overflows at Christmas time in the hearts that love Him than a little quotation from the words of St. Francis in the *Franciscan Herald*. This saint of the Crib, as we may call him, and of the Infant Saviour, was not satisfied with wishing to relieve the spiritual and temporal needs of his fellow-men, but desired to extend his bounty even to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. His measure of happiness and love was great enough to deluge all creation. Thus, we are told, he was often heard to say:

If I can have speech of the Emperor, to entreat and persuade him, I will ask that for the love of God and me he will make a special law . . . that all the magistrates of cities and lords of fortresses and villages shall be bound every year on Christmas day to compel men to throw out corn and other grain on the roads outside the cities and fortresses, that our sisters, the larks, and other birds, too,

may have somewhat to eat on so great a festival; and that for the reverence of the Son of God, whom on that night the most Blessed Virgin laid in a manger between the ox and the ass, every one who has an ox and an ass shall be bound that night to provide them abundantly with good fodder; and likewise that on that day all the poor shall be satisfied by the rich with good food.

St. Francis deserves to be numbered in a particular way among those saints of the Holy Childhood whose simple love has ever possessed a special power in winning the hearts of men to love Christ.

Christ Child Society

THE Christ Child Society of Chicago has just published its "Ninth Year Book." The number of boys and girls clothed or partially clothed by it, during the last fiscal year, was 2,513. In addition to this, poor mothers of 147 infants were supplied with complete layettes containing, besides clothing, every sanitary requisite. Nearly 16,000 articles of clothing and pairs of shoes were supplied to children from one to fourteen years of age. By making its purchases from manufacturers, jobbers and wholesale dealers at the close of the wholesale season, buying broken and odd lots, and samples of clothing, the Society is able to secure articles at less than half the ordinary retail prices. This illustrates the great advantage of giving our charity, largely at least, through our Catholic organizations which wisely investigate each case of need and seek, as in the present case, to double the value of every penny. Whatever charity is not personally bestowed should at all events be given through no other channel than that of our own Catholic associations. It is most proper; it is most economic; it brings with it the special blessing of our Faith.

Charles J. Jaegle, Knight
of St. Gregory

MR. CHARLES J. JAEGLE, publisher of the Pittsburgh *Observer*, has just been created a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, by Pope Benedict XV. This honor is well-merited on account of the new Knight's labors, devotedness and efficiency in the cause of Catholic journalism; but it must likewise be considered a special recognition of the services rendered the Church by the Catholic Press Association, of which Mr. Jaegle has been one of the most active members and promoters. He has held in it the office of treasurer since its organization six years ago. Simple in manner, straightforward in defense of truth and zealous in the advocacy of every worthy Catholic cause, Mr. Jaegle richly deserves this token of appreciation bestowed on him by the Sovereign Pontiff. A previous testimony to his service as a lay apostle was the certificate of affiliation to the Capuchin Order granted him by the Minister General in 1893, an honor rarely granted to laymen. Mr. Jaegle was born in Germany, 1854, and came to America at the age of fourteen. After following various occupations in Pittsburgh, Pa., he was intrusted in 1880, with the management of a German Catholic publication. In 1898 he founded the English Catholic weekly and official organ of the Pittsburgh Diocese, the Pittsburgh *Observer*, which he has conducted successfully to the present day. The ceremony of conferring the insignia of knighthood will take place in St. Augustine's church, of which he has been a member since 1870.

Our Duty in the
Philippines

OUT of fourteen young missionary priests of the Society of the Divine Word who were sent to labor in the Philippines, five have succumbed to privation and overwork in the course of the last six years. For the support of the entire

number of priests, Sisters and teachers engaged in this work under the direction of the same society, 100 persons in all, American Catholics have given \$1,000 during the past half year. This amount, with a very few additional Mass stipends, has been almost the only means of subsistence for this heroic band. Yet they have never ceased to labor for the redemption of the poor natives who had drifted away from the Faith and for the conversion of the pagan tribes. Our own nation expelled the laborers from God's vineyard, and for a time the Philippine population were left without spiritual guides, except for the altogether insufficient number we were able to supply. The Catholics of Germany generously came to our aid, provided our own colony with zealous laborers, and even supported them for us until the war broke out. It would be an eternal disgrace if we permitted these heroic men and women to remain without adequate means to carry on their noble and necessary work. Catholic laborers in the Philippines are altogether too few to do more than a portion of the great work which had been under way before our own nation recklessly destroyed the flourishing labor of the Spanish priests in these Islands. Aglipayanism, Freemasonry and Protestantism are struggling to divide among themselves the vast population which the Church of Christ had fostered and taught in her motherly love. The schools are fast making these natives indifferent, as experience is daily proving. American Catholics have therefore a sacred duty to interest themselves in this work which is so peculiarly their own.

Advising the Brewers

MR. GUSTAVE PABST, formerly president of the Brewers' Association, has recently reminded his confreres that the liquor traffic is now on trial for its life. If it is to be acquitted, its supporters must so regulate the business, "that the evils incident to it shall gradually diminish and intemperance be reduced to a negligible social factor." But in what spirit will the trade accept Mr. Pabst's suggestion, which really contains one of the readiest and best solutions of the difficulty?

An energetic and active demand should be made on local authorities to exercise greater discrimination in granting licenses, and in the prompt and efficient prosecution for repeated or wanton violation of law, as distinguished from an honest mistake.

Just why a saloon-keeper should be exempt from prosecution, until his violation of the law becomes "repeated" or "wanton," is a problem to tax the ingenuity of our leading jurists. The escutcheon of the liquor trade in this country is not so spotless as to call for any special indulgence to the law-breaker. However, Mr. Pabst has delivered himself of some excellent advice, and it is to be hoped that the liquor dealers will act in accordance. If they can be induced to unite for a sorely needed "clean-up week," the powers that in some communities now make the saloon the active ally of violence and of the lowest forms of vice, will soon find their natural harborage in some hospitable penitentiary.

French Boys and Moving Pictures

THE *Journal des Débats* quotes from the records of two French courts an interesting judicial decision that fixes on the moving-pictures the responsibility for much of the prevalent crime committed by youths. A pitched battle had taken place in the streets of Châlons-sur-Saône between two hostile groups of young men. The offenders were arrested and condemned. The details of the trial brought to light evidence that led the court to decide that demoralizing scenes presented in moving-picture theaters had fired the imaginations of the culprits with false ideas of heroism, with the consequence that they had hur-

ried from the place of amusement and enacted in real earnest deeds no less horrible than they had seen enacted on the screen. In its judgment, the court condemned the cinema on two counts, first, because it was teaching vice in all its forms by representing tale after tale of immorality; and secondly, because it was brutalizing the public by depicting, with absolute disregard for art, the most horrible crimes. In fact the cinema was becoming a real and efficient school of evil. The case was appealed to the higher court at Dijon, but the decision of the lower tribunal was upheld. Commenting on the case, *La Réponse*, for November insists on the justice of these censures, points out that they deserve serious attention from those who are responsible for the character of the amusements presented to the public, and pleads for a stricter censorship over moving-picture films. The same views have long been held by moralists and sociologists in this country. If more of our judges would follow the example of their French brethren, and put on record the convictions that lamentable facts have forced on them, our legislators and high executives might be induced to lend a less ready ear to the film interests, and pass laws, or at least withhold their veto from laws that aim by efficient censorship at controlling the deleterious influences of this rapidly growing menace to youthful morals.

Some Sage Advice on Company-Keeping

AMONG the "book-rack pamphlets," published at Pittsburgh, is one entitled "A Letter of Great Importance to Every Young Man and Maiden." It deals with the question of company-keeping and seeks to guard the young against hasty marriages that lead to long regrets. After pointing out the dangers of marriages contracted with those outside the Fold, it lays stress upon one important point: the necessity, on the part of those who wish to enter upon a union for life, of acquiring a more intimate knowledge of each other's true characters and habits than an expected visit can afford, when all due preparations have been made. Speaking to the young man the writer says in his familiar style:

No, no! dear boy, you'll need more than the Sunday night's good looks, painted features, dyed hair, rich perfume and low-cut flimsy dresses to keep you happy. True love will hardly thrive on these, nor will you be fed by her skill in making fancy doilies, hand-painted empty vases, taffy and candy fudge. Not for stenographic feats and rag-time tunes only should her dainty hands be trained, dreading other work lest they lose their idle beauty.

You want a girl who possesses above all other accomplishments, which she may have fallen heir to, the following few simple qualifications. She should above all be modest, industrious, appreciative, pure, obedient to her parents, and a zealous Catholic girl. These properties are the cornerstone of a future happy home. Without them there is very little chance of expecting to have in the future a clean, cosy, home-like dwelling. Beware lest your abode become a hotel of disorder and a den of malcontent.

Many young men are too optimistic when choosing their future wife, not realizing that now-a-days many girls are three-fourths artificial, displaying only strained and borrowed manners when company-keeping. Beware ere it is too late! Better try to get a glimpse of her as she really is, as you will have her for life. Remember that once you take her it is "for better, for worse . . . until death do us part."

The girl too is given her sound advice. Her preferences are to be for "an honest, pure-minded, self-respecting and industrious young man." She is told not to trust him too soon, for he likewise may prove to be disguised, hiding from her what it is most vital for her to know. "Surprise him at times and test him now; pure gold is not injured by being tried. After marriage it is far too late." Above all she is asked to harbor no illusions concerning the possible correction of a drunkard. He will plunge her into misery and ruin, together with her unfortunate little ones. These are sage counsels.